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KING LEAR AND THE FOOL.—AFTER GUSTAV SCHAUER.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THERE are few personages, royal or otherwise, mentioned in history, concerning whom more fierce battles have been waged, or over whose career more of the glamour of romance has been thrown, than have clung to Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots. The most fascinating if not the most beautiful, and one of the most accomplished princesses of her time, she was indisputably the most unfortunate and most unhappy of them all, whether we believe her sufferings to have been the result of misfortune or of her own fault. Her story has been so often told, and so thoroughly read by young and old, that there are few persons of intelligence to be found who have not, at some period of their lives, formed and expressed an opinion as to the unhappy queen's guilt or innocence of the many charges brought against her fair fame. Nor is the evidence bearing on the question by any means so conclusive as to enable any one, at this distance of time, to pronounce an opinion on the subject which shall be entitled to be considered infallible. The whole matter is in precisely that condition which gives any one perfect liberty to believe her angel or demon, as he may choose; and, in either case, if it should be shown that he was wrong, he could have the satisfaction of knowing that he erred in plenty of good company.

Of all the episodes of Mary's brief and troubled reign, there is probably none, with the possible exception of the murder of her husband, Lord Darnley, which has occasioned more comment and fiercer discussion than that of the career at her court of the Italian adventurer, David Rizzio. Authorities differ as to the precise character and standing of this man. There is hardly any possible part which he has not been made, by one or another historian, to play. He has been depicted as a needy adventurer, whose sole fortune was his mandoline, by the skillful use of which he succeeded in ingratiating himself with Mary, who loved music as she did everything else which was connected with luxury or enjoyment. According to another account he was a secret emissary of the Pope—having, in fact, the authority without the title of a Papal legate—and was brought to the Scottish court by the Ambassador of Savoy. Which of these accounts of his appearance at the court is correct, or whether both are equally incorrect, matters very little; and it is, perhaps, of just as little consequence what Rizzio's relations to the queen were. It has been asserted that he owed his position simply to his skill as a musician; that he was the queen's paramour; that he was in secret her adviser, by virtue of the authority of the Pope, and that she obeyed his dicta as the veritable mandates of the pontiff in person. As we say, it matters very little which of these was the true theory; the fact remains that the Italian musician became the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. That he was in the employ of the Jesuits is almost equally certain, though it is not definitely settled whether he was sent to the court by them, or was taken into their service after he had established his hold on the queen. It seems probable, so far as we can now judge, that Rizzio was, from the first, an emissary of the Jesuits, who selected him for his abilities and accomplishments as a fitting agent to captivate the vain and somewhat frivolous sovereign. Certain it is, that her marriage with Lord Darnley, which caused the revolt of Murray and the Hamiltons, is explicable on no other reasonable hypothesis than that of the paramount influence of Rizzio, who had so thoroughly ingratiated himself with the weak, wicked and cruel Darnley, as to have occupied the same bed with him. That such a nature as Darnley's should eventually turn on a friend—especially if that friend had done him a great service—is so far from being strange that it is exactly what should be expected. It was probably not a very difficult task for the Protestant lords to make him jealous, persuading him that the relations of Mary and Rizzio were of a criminal nature—the more especially as the queen was accustomed to receive the Italian in her private apartments even to the exclusion of her husband. His jealousy once aroused, Darnley's cruelty of disposition would cause him not to hesitate long before taking vengeance. How he did so, actually holding the queen while his confederates dragged the unhappy musician from her presence to murder him in the ante-room, is well known, and makes the subsequent blowing up by gunpowder of the unfortunate Darnley seem almost justifiable.

The precise manner of the first meeting between Mary and

Rizzio is, of course, not now known; and any probable conjecture as to the attendant circumstances is, therefore, allowable. In his great picture, of which we publish a superb engraving, Mr. Neal has chosen to represent the musician as having fallen asleep in the corridor of the palace (doubtless while waiting for an audience), where the queen discovers him as she descends the great staircase, followed by her ladies-in-waiting and attendants.

This picture is undoubtedly the master-piece of the painter, Mr. David Neal—a full account of whose life and career has been heretofore published in *THE ALDINE*. As our readers are aware, he is an American by birth, but most of his artist life has been passed in Munich, where he was a favorite pupil of Piloty; and he is, consequently, to be classed among artists as belonging to the German school; although he has shown more of imagination, and a less rigid adherence to hard facts and to the minutiae of real life, than is characteristic of that school as a whole. The picture of the meeting of Mary and Rizzio was first exhibited at Munich, and brought the painter the honor, never before conferred on an American, of the great medal of the Royal Academy. It was afterward sold to an American gentleman, Mr. O. O. Mills, of San Francisco, whose collection contains specimens of the works of some of the best European artists, especially of the schools of Munich and Paris. It was exhibited in this country, winning applause from all who saw it—even from those who were disposed to criticise some of the details of its execution. In this connection, the following correspondence, which explains itself, will be found of interest:

“LOWELL, May 30, 1876.

“The subscribers, citizens of Lowell, would express to Mr. David Neal their appreciation of his genius and merits, and their deep gratification at his progress in the art of his choice. They are fully aware that his deserved and increasing reputation confers honor upon his native city—a home of industrial art. They earnestly hope that the city may have the great pleasure and benefit of the exhibition here of his new picture of ‘The First Meeting of Mary Stuart and Rizzio.’”

Signed: Charles A. Stott, Mayor; James B. Francis, J. S. Ludlum, W. A. Burke, N. Crosby, Geo. Motley, C. P. Talbot, Jacob Robbins, George F. Richardson, O. H. Moulton, Amos B. French, A. Glummock, Abram French, N. Tyler, S. L. & W. G. Ward, John O. Green, Nathan Allen, Z. E. Stone, J. F. Kimball, John K. Chase, Jacob Rogers, Chas. Horey, Chauncey L. Knapp, Jacob H. Sawyer, D. S. Richardson, F. F. Battles, W. E. Livingston, G. M. Elliott, and Horatio Wood.

This was forwarded to Mr. Neal by the Rev. Horatio Wood, eliciting the following reply:

“MUNICH, June 17, 1876.

“To the Rev. Horatio Wood.

“MY DEAR SIR: In acknowledging the receipt of your kind favor, containing the congratulatory letter of a large number of Lowell's leading citizens, in which they express their admiration of my humble efforts as an artist, I am at a loss for words which will adequately convey to you and them the pleasure and surprise I experience in being judged worthy of so much distinction.

“I beg you not only to express to these gentlemen how deeply I appreciate the honor they have conferred upon me, but also how sincerely I regret that I can not conscientiously feel that what little I have accomplished is of sufficient importance to make it deserving of so great a compliment.

“I need not say how much pride I have taken in the interest shown by the citizens of my birthplace in my works; and, if they have given even passing moments of pleasure, I shall feel more than repaid for years of thought and labor. It will afford me especial pleasure to have my last picture seen in my native city; and I can not close without heartily thanking you for your kind care and interest, as well for my endeavors as for art in general; and I hope that the seeds sown by you may in future bear fruit in the growing taste and appreciation of our townsmen, as well as in the budding genius of our youth.

“I am, faithfully yours,

“DAVID NEAL.”

Various faults, of more or less force, have been found with the picture, as they are with most works of art. Some of these, such as, for instance, that he has represented the Italian as a comely youth; whereas he is described as “a mean-looking Italian,” are sufficiently frivolous. Other objections, having more apparent basis, were also made to the historical details of the picture, both in Germany and here; and these it is proper to allow the artist himself to meet—it being always true that an artist can tell us better than any one else what the idea was which he desired to express. Shortly after the exhibition of the picture at Munich, and when the opinions of the German critics had been fully expressed, Mr. Neal wrote a letter to a friend here, from which we make some extracts, giving the views as to the character of Mary and of her relations with Rizzio which governed him in painting the picture, together with his authority for the details of costume and architecture. He says:

“You will observe by the German criticisms that the same vulgar ideas prevail here as did everywhere else, respecting the Queen of Scots, before the publication of the works of Mr. Froude. It is very evident that she was not more depraved than any lady of her time and brilliant position, educated at such a court as that of Francis I.; and it would be very unfair to judge her by the standard of to-day. There is no evidence that Rizzio

was her lover; in fact, the newest authority we possess shows that it was positively not so. He was simply a talented fellow who had great influence upon her fate, of course accidentally. The moment she met Rizzio was a turning point in her career; as from that moment her misfortunes commenced—you see I have clothed him in black—not through him, as her enemies simply caught him up as a pretense for her destruction, as they would have done with any other who had happened to fall in their way.

"It always seemed to me that it would be vulgar in the extreme to represent them as lovers meeting for the first time; and my idea, if possible, was more to show that the queen had an instinctive feeling or presentiment of coming evil. This was the particular idea which so favorably inclined Piloty to the composition when I laid it before him; and you will acknowledge that from an æsthetic point of view, if I have succeeded in accomplishing what I endeavored to do, the picture has a deeper meaning and a more lasting interest than could possibly be given it by the other common and unhistorical idea.

"Regarding the costumes, I will only say that I pride myself upon being exceedingly careful upon such matters. You can therefore rest assured that they are perfectly in keeping with the scene and period they represent. Regarding the architecture and other appointments, many, perhaps, who have not thoroughly studied such matters might be inclined to charge me with an anachronism against the traditions of Holyrood and Scottish architecture in general. I thought carefully of all this beforehand, and carried out my determination, as you will perceive, to give the whole a more decided renaissance character rather than a Gothic one, which is the popular idea; probably owing to the old Gothic abbey adjoining the castle, and the rooms shown as Mary Stuart's, where she probably never was. That part of Holyrood exists no more, being destroyed by fire before the time of Charles I. of England. It would be easy to imagine that, after having been so long the fashion in England, without mentioning Italy and France, where nothing else was known at the time, that a touch of renaissance had also reached Edinburgh; as at the time of Mary Stuart's father the relations were very intimate with the court of France; and the communication more frequent than even with England. I find in a series of letters published by a French traveler of the time, who visited the court of Holyrood, that 'Scotland was a dreary and uncultivated land'—that is barbarous in manners and the arts—'with the exception of Holyrood,' which he describes as an 'oasis in the desert;' and he expresses his joy at having found a bit of France—of Paris; that is, the Paris or France of Francis I., the great cultivator of the renaissance architecture."

Mr. Neal revisited America in October, 1877, and was given a most flattering reception by his friends of Lowell, who are justly proud of his reputation. The following extracts from a private letter to the writer will show what Mr. Neal is doing in his art:

"My idea in visiting America at this time was principally for recreation; as, I may say, that I have not been out of my studio for the last six years; at the same time, I thought to paint three or four portraits which had been engaged for some years past—it not being my intention to devote myself to portrait painting. I have had, however, so many commissions to paint portraits offered me since my arrival, that I have been tempted to accept more than I had originally intended both here in New York and in Massachusetts; so that I shall hardly be able to return home before the end of February.

"In Munich I have commenced a large historical subject (the same size as the 'Mary Stuart'), which I shall probably call 'St. Mathilda,' as it illustrates an episode in the life of Queen Mathilda and the King Heinrich des Vogler; the whole being carried out in the style of the tenth century. I have another smaller picture, which will be ready the coming fall, which I call 'Consolation,' and is illustrative of a couple of lines of the poet Uhland; this will also be a work in the style of the same period, which I am now making a special study of."

—P. Williams.

KING LEAR AND THE FOOL.

GUSTAV SCHAUER, the painter of the remarkable picture titled as above, was born in Berlin, June 24, 1826. His parents belonged to an ancient patrician family; at an early age he showed his taste and love for art, expressing a desire to become an artist. Like many other boys, who afterward became famous artists, young Schauer devoted all his leisure time, even while in college, to drawing. His decided talents in this direction attracted the attention of the professors, and secured the good-will of his tutors, who favored him with unusual opportunities to spend more time upon his artistic studies than otherwise would have been possible. The facile and beautiful creations of his pencil also won him the regard and esteem of his classmates, some of whom subsequently attained high positions in the state, while others became men of note in science and literature. Thus encouraged he indulged in dreams of a brilliant future as an artist—dreams which, for a time, proved illusory and unsubstantial! Just as he was about to graduate from college his father lost his fortune, and our young artist found himself a poor young man, thrown out into the world entirely dependent upon his own resources. Such has been the lot of many great artists, in all times and in all lands. David Cox, of the English school of landscape painters, Mulready, Hunt, Chambers, were the sons of poor men, who struggled upward to fame.

Leaving college, Gustav Schauer resolved, through hard work and economical living, to secure enough money to enable him, sometime in the future, to devote himself wholly to the fine arts. With this end in view he entered, as a clerk, one of the largest book-publishing houses in Berlin. Having remained in this po-

sition several years, saving a small sum from his salary, he finally determined to start in business for himself. At this time the invention of photography was attracting wide attention, and he discerned in it a medium for reproducing works of art, which would enable him to place the best of them in the hands of the people, at the same time helping to develop good taste. He was the first man in Germany to accomplish this result, and founded the art-publishing house of Gustav Schauer, which soon won a world-wide reputation. He began with an edition of the works of the great masters of the Middle Ages, an undertaking which proved entirely successful. Many other works were published by this house, which included all the different branches of the fine arts, with appropriate commentaries by such art historians as Lübke, Adolf Stahr and Mr. Wagen, the director of the museums in Berlin. Fortune smiled upon the art-publisher, who, in turn, did his duty to his fellow-men by assisting many of them from his purse, especially poor and struggling young artists, not a few of whom have since won a high reputation.

In 1864 Mr. Schauer decided to give up business and devote himself wholly to art. With this intention he went to Düsseldorf and entered the school of Professor Flam, becoming his pupil and also the pupil of his old friend, Knaus, the celebrated *genre* painter. He applied himself to his profession with such unremitting devotion that shortly his health failed, and he was obliged to leave the studio. He went to the pretty little capital of Coburg to reside, where he purchased a handsome villa in the midst of a charming park. Here he arranged an art gallery for his numerous collection of paintings, which contained works by Knaus, Vautier, Menzel, Meyerheim, Genz, and other artists. He built an *atelier* adjoining his villa, where he devoted a few hours each day to painting. Among those who loved to visit Mr. Schauer in his elegant retirement, was the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg, brother of the late Prince Consort of England. During his three years' residence at Coburg Mr. Schauer made a number of illustrations for German fables, and painted portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg. Recovering his health he studied awhile at Carlsruhe, under Canon, passing the following winter in Italy and Sicily. Returning to Germany he settled in Munich at the age of fifty.

Not until the autumn of life did Mr. Schauer begin to realize the dreams of his boyhood. With restored health came new vigor and his old energy. He at once came in friendly contact with the best German artists residing in Munich—Piloty, Defregger, Lieyenmeyer, Diez, Lindenschmidt, Leitz, and others, all of whom took a deep interest in him. Among American artists who became his intimate friends were David Neal and Toby E. Rosenthal. He began his career in Munich as a pupil of Prof. Leitz; and, after a year of hard labor, finished his first great painting, "King Lear and the Fool," an admirable reproduction of which we place before the readers of THE ALDINE. This picture was exhibited a year or two ago at the Royal Academy of Berlin, and at once commanded the favorable criticisms of the art critics, as well as students of Shakespeare, in Germany. The work is admired for its masterly conception of King Lear; the good, confiding, loving ruler and father, who was so cruelly treated by two of his daughters; who suffered all the indignities of outrageous fortune; who lost his wits, and was finally restored to his senses and his loving Cordelia, only to have her die in his arms! The artist has freely indulged his imagination, in picturing his ideal of King Lear, without confining himself to any special episode in the tragedy. The fool was wiser in his day than the king, and told his majesty many pointed truths about his unnatural daughters, under the thin guise of a jest, until the King of Britain was goaded to exclaim:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

We have, on the canvas, almost an epitome of the whole life of King Lear as narrated by Shakespeare. The fool is whispering to him his truthful jests; the face of the poor old monarch shows much distress of mind at the cruelty of his daughters and the loss of royalty; his eyes stare wildly, as if they had lost their strength; the wind of the dark night roughly blows his white hair and beard, as if the king was on the heath, crying to the thunder-bolts—"Singe my white head!" His right hand is feebly stretched forward, as if groping in the dark, or uncertain



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."—M. E. EDWARDS.

of his own mind, as when, in the French camp, he awoke from his deep sleep to see Cordelia kneeling before him for his benediction, and cried :

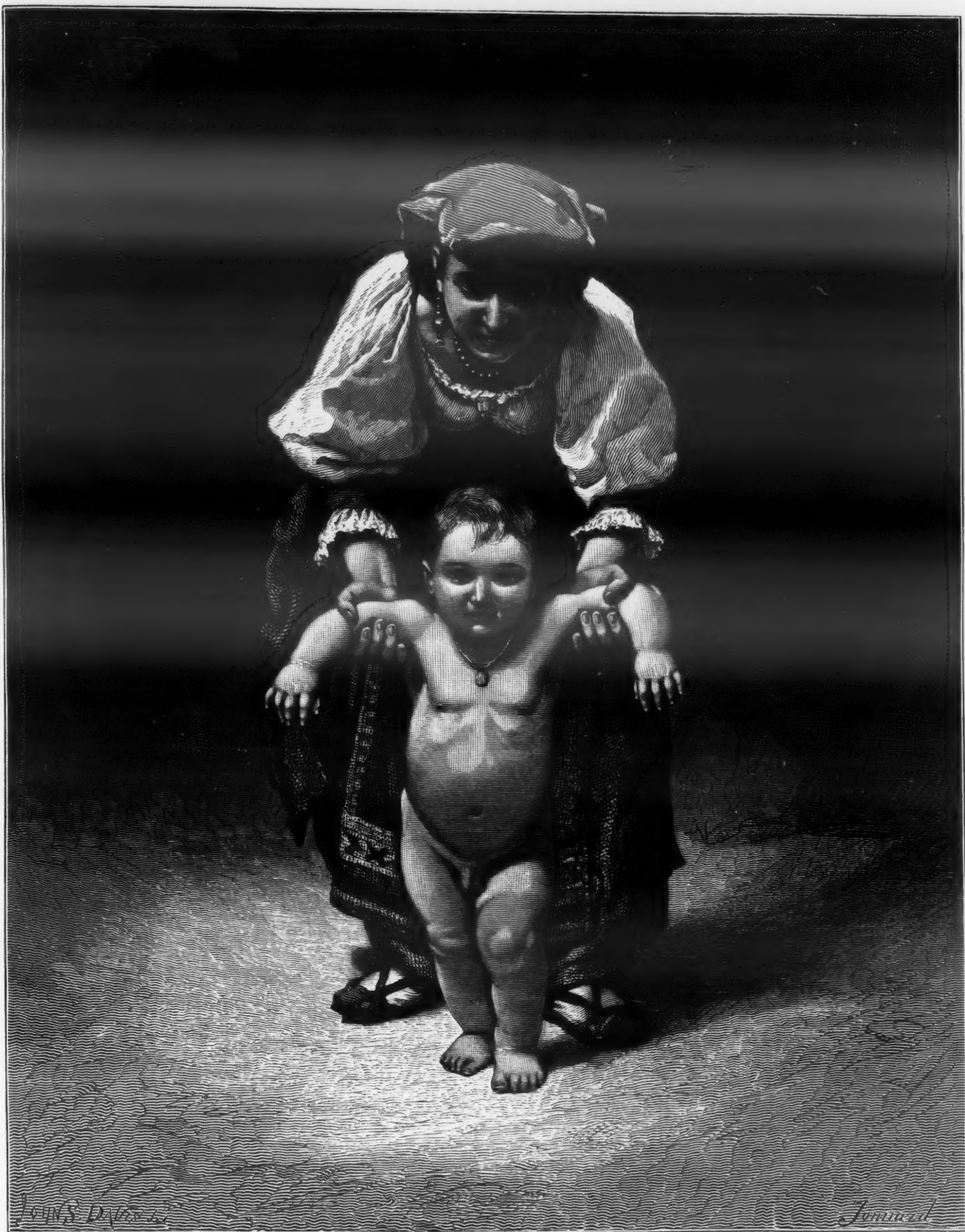
"Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind."

The artist has succeeded, admirably, in giving to King Lear that wild and vacant expression which indicates a wandering mind. He has, also, twined a wreath of flowers in the poor old king's hair, as he wore them when near Dover, where Cordelia

first beheld her father, and in her agony said to the physician :

"Alack, 'tis he ; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud :
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn."

Since finishing his "King Lear," Mr. Schauer has completed a number of other important works which show remarkable progress, not only in the technic of his profession, but in the higher walks of art—the knowledge of form ; the expression of character ; the ability to tell a story on the canvas, as well as to cover



FIRST STEPS. — BONNAT.

it with figures. One of these pictures is called "A Beggar in Catania," the capital of Sicily, where Mr. Schauer passed a winter. A blind, ragged beggar sits upon the steps of the great cathedral of that city, asking alms. A gorgeous procession of well-fed priests, clad in gold-embroidered robes, bearing a solid silver image of the Virgin, and richly emblazoned banners, winds its way between the rows of majestic pillars, the head of it lost in the distance amid the thick clouds of incense-smoke. Not a penny falls into the outstretched hand of the wan and suffering beggar; but a constant stream pours into a richly decorated box hard by, bearing the legend, "Peter's pence!"

Other works of note, by this artist, are a study of "Shylock in the Court of Justice," and an allegorical cartoon, in honor of the German artist, Alfred Rethel, the celebrated illustrator of the

"Dance of Death," and the painter of the four historical frescoes from the history of Charlemagne, in the City Hall of Aix-la-Chapelle, his native city. It will be remembered that Rethel became insane in 1852, and died at Düsseldorf in 1859.

—Fuller-Walker, M.D.

STILL LIFE.

No good reason now exists why American artists may not become as fine painters of still-life pictures as the French, German and English. Certainly, the flora and fauna of this country is as rich as that of any other; while our fruits are as numerous and beautiful. If, heretofore, we have lacked those objects of *virtu* so essential for a certain class of still-life pictures, such

is no longer the case, as a visit to the Metropolitan Museum, or the recent Loan Exhibition in aid of the Society of Decorative Art, both in New York, amply demonstrates. The taste for *bric-a-brac*, fine porcelain, gold, silver, and glass vessels, has recently been remarkably developed in this country, and many gentlemen now possess fine collections. Even artists are beginning to gather objects of art, since they prove to be indispensable accessories in many pictures. The representation of still life which is given herewith illustrates how great are the possibilities in this branch of art. The painter has artistically combined flowers, game—the deer, a hare, grouse, duck, etc.—objects of art such as plaques and vases, with a buffet. As if to add to the stillness of the picture, a sleeping cat has been introduced! The opportunities for drawing and color in a work of this nature, are almost illimitable, and will require the exercise of the highest skill on the part of the artist. At the Universal Exposition, held in Paris in 1867, the American art gallery was deficient in pictures of still life, fruits and flowers; and the same may be said of the Exposition of to-day. The majority of our painters, said the United States Commissioner in 1867, are landscape artists, and such they must probably long remain. Whatever the reason may be, our artists do not take kindly to still-life pictures. It is true, Mr. George C. Lambdin paints roses, and Mr. George H. Hall, fruit; while a number of women attempt to paint flowers, and bits of still life, one of the most successful being Miss L. Whitcomb. The late John A. Howes painted at least one fine still-life picture, called "Quarant Ore," being a high altar at a Catholic church, and showing the ecclesiological knowledge of the artist in the truthfulness of the details, while the color was rich, flowing and luminous. Now and then an artist, as Mr. Frank Waller, or Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, paints a corner of a studio, or a quaint fire-place, the mantel set with objects of art, porcelain, etc. Yet no American woman paints flowers like Teresa Hegg, who revels in the flora of Switzerland; and no American gentleman attempts such objects of art as Blaise Desgoffe, or such superb flower-pieces as J. Robie. Here is a large field for our artists waiting to be cultivated.

Among the most marvelous paintings of still life, in the French Exhibition for 1867, were five pictures by Desgoffe, two of which belonged to the empress. In one of them was an ewer, silver-gilt (style of the sixteenth century); a Christ in bloodstone; a bust of the Virgin in rock crystal; a door-knocker; a statuette in box-wood, made by Jean de Bologne; an enameled vase, etc., grouped together with consummate skill, and painted with Rembrandtish effect. For drawing, management of light and shade, minute manipulation, delicacy and accuracy, these pictures were unexcelled. The works of this artist are much

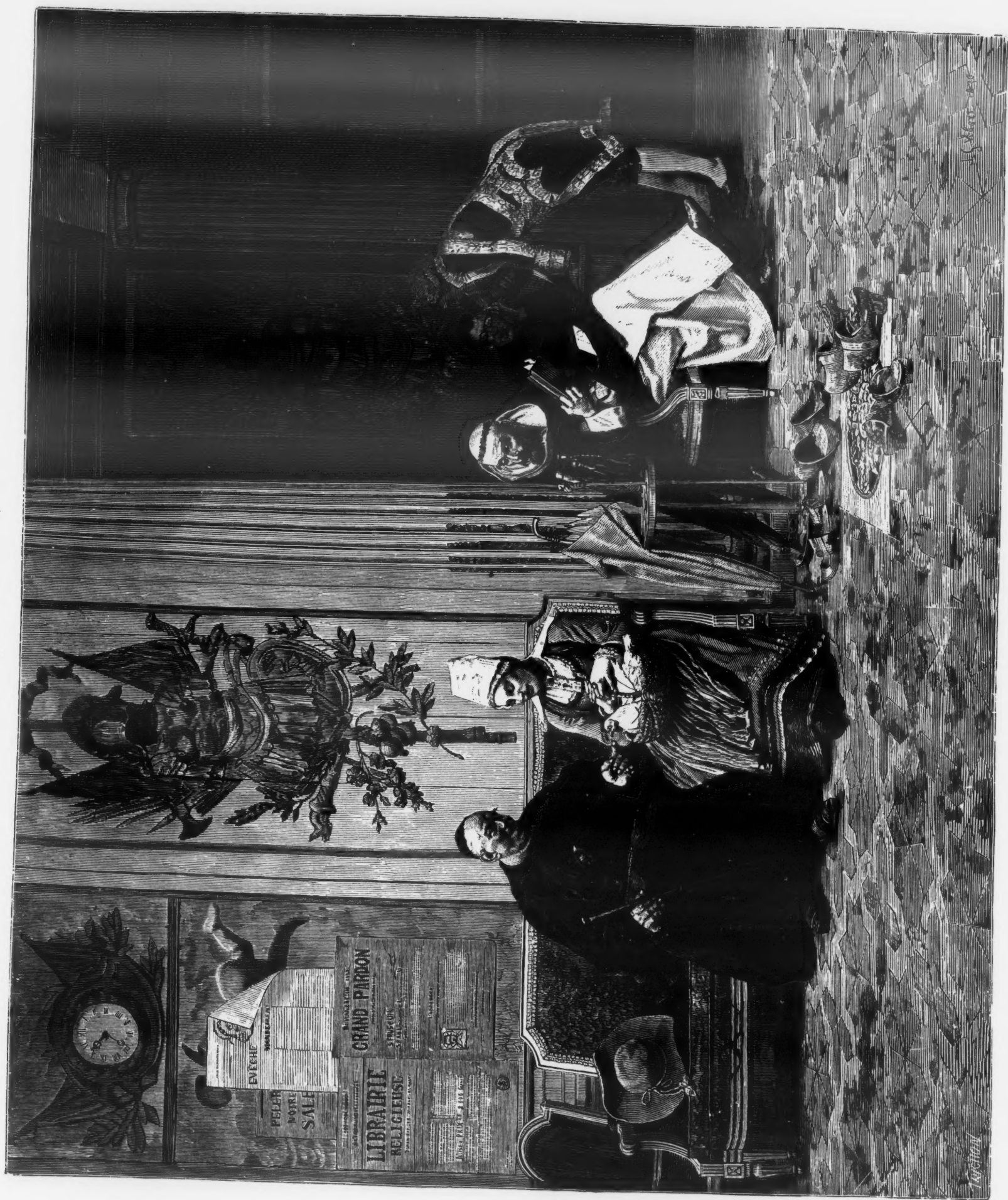


STILL LIFE.—AFTER DE LA CHARLIERE.

sought after in New York. His "Objects of Art formerly belonging to Maria Antoinette," was in the Goupil Gallery a couple of years ago; Mr. Parke Godwin has one of his still-life pictures in his collection; and so, too, have Messrs. Edwin Matthews, Charles Stewart Smith, J. Abner Harper, and Jordan L. Mott. The gallery of William H. Webb, sold in March, 1876, contained a fine example by this artist. Mr. Harper's picture is called "Objects from the Louvre." A very pleasing picture, one eminently interesting to Americans, could be made of the objects of art once belonging to Washington, as shown at the Centennial Exhibition, among which we recollect a pair of rare and valuable vases of old Worcester pottery. The late Daniel Webster left much in the shape of *bric-a-brac* and quaintly carved furniture, which should delight the eye of an artist. Even so plain and unartistic a man as the late Horace Greeley possessed quite a collection of objects of art; while Charles Sumner took special delight in gathering them. The late William Cullen Bryant owned many interesting art objects, quite enough for a fine picture. Many of the Knickerbocker and wealthy families of New York possess articles of *virtu* as interesting as those belonging to any of the queens of France. Our Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, with its Cesnola collection, taken from the Temple of Venus and Cypriote Tombs, supposed to be 2,500 years old, is rich in jewelry, silver, bronze, glass and earthen utensils; *intagli*; *terra cottas*; busts; vases; *candelabra*, lamps, etc. What better material can any artist wish, out of which to arrange a still-life picture of objects of art?

JEHAN GEORGES VIBERT.

AT the Universal Exposition, now being held in Paris, the pictures by J. G. Vibert hang in the small room with Gérôme's. Among them are his portrait of M. Coquelin, so exquisite in painting and marvelous in its fine comedy; "Le Depart des Mairés, Espagne," "La Sérénade," "La Cigale et la Fourmi," besides others, and a new one, never before exhibited, "Une Vente Mobilière." This is a very picturesque composition representing all the humors of a sale which takes place in an old court-yard.



L'ANTICHAMBRE DE MONSIEUR. — AFTER J. G. VIBERT.

the costumes being at the end of the last century. As usual, the execution and color are pleasant as well as careful. In reproducing one of his masterpieces "L'Antichambre de Monseigneur," we have the artist at his best, and present, for the first time, to the readers of THE ALDINE, a sketch of the master with a specimen of his work.

The characteristics of Vibert, as an artist, are his strength as a colorist; his perfection as a draughtsman; his ability to properly compose a picture; and his tact at telling a story with his brush. None of his pictures are uninteresting, although he sometimes records trivial events. If he is inclined to be too realistic, exhibiting scenes in human life exactly as they are, we can forgive him, since the phase he depicts is so well done; the artist is forgotten while looking at the canvas, and the story becomes all absorbing. He gives to the men and women he paints marked individuality; he not only draws cardinals and monks, but makes them show themselves in verity—men with passions and appetites like other human beings, who know well how to enjoy the good things of this life.

In "L'Antichambre de Monseigneur" there are real live monks, one of whom, fat and jolly, is amusing himself, and chatting with the girl seated by his side, while the other is more curious to overhear the conversation than he is to know the contents of his open book. A *valet de chambre*, in velvet uniform heavy with gold lace, is giving a third pious old monk a bit of gossip which is evidently relished, while a fourth is watching the whole company from a secret panel in the casement. There is a wealth of accessories in this picture—the rich furniture; the armor, posters, and clock upon the wall; the floor of inlaid and highly polished wood; the wooden shoes placed near the grating; the fowl in the basket, etc. The treatment of this picture is good, and the gradation of light and shadows all that can be desired. Like Meissonier, Vibert is a careful and truthful painter. He never omits the slightest detail; everything is reproduced almost with photographic precision.

In the Paris Salon for this year M. Vibert is represented by his great work, "Apothéose de Monsieur Thiers." The late President of the Republic is lying on a bier, a striking likeness of his profile being visible. At his head, pointing upward, stands a figure of Fame; beside the bier is a female veiled in crape personifying France; behind, crushed and gory, lies a female who has lost her life—some vanquished party. In the foreground is a large mass of wreaths and *immortelles*; the whole city of Paris forms the back ground, with the seige in full fury on the right, and the funeral *cortège* of the dead president filing off on the left. The twelve volumes of the "Consulate and Empire," are represented by a ghastly company in the clouds. The predominant color in this remarkable picture is violet.

A series of ten etchings, of some of Vibert's most important works, has been published in Paris, and can be had in this country, at the art dealers, for something like \$150 the set. The titles of these pictures are "Partie Inégale," "El Primer Espada," "Le Repos du Peintre," "Portrait de Coquelin," "La Sainte Collation," "Le Premier Ne," "Le Marchand de Melons," "Un Pretexte," "L'Importun," and "Le Forgeron." Of these, the bull-fighter and the blacksmith are single figures, displaying immense muscular power. "The First Born" is a pretty domestic scene, with father and mother bending over the cradle. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1873, and belongs to Mr. Stebbins, of New York. "The Repose of the Painter" shows the interior of a studio, in which the artist has been painting the portrait of a stout old gentleman. The sitter having fallen asleep, the artist takes advantage of the situation to kiss a pretty woman who is present—possibly the wife of the man who is having his portrait painted. "The Melon Merchant" gives us an Oriental, sitting upon stone steps, surrounded by baskets of melons, pine apples, etc. "Un Pretexte" is called, in this country, "The Offer of an Umbrella," and was in the John Taylor Johnson collection. "The Feast, or Holy-day Collation," shows a cardinal, seated upon his throne, before a well-filled table, feasting, while a servant, upon his knees in a chair, reads prayers! The portrait of M. Coquelin was exhibited in the Salon of 1874, and represents him in *le rôle de Mascarille des Précieuses ridicules*. At the same Salon he exhibited "La Réprimande," belonging to Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York.

Many pictures by Vibert can be found in the private collec-

tions of American gentlemen. Perhaps two of the finest are "The Convent Under Arms," a Spanish scene, containing some twenty figures, painted in 1876, and owned by Charles Crocker, of San Francisco, and "The New Clerk," owned by Mr. T. R. Butler, of New York. The collection of Hon. Milton S. Latham, of San Francisco, sold at auction in New York last winter, contained an excellent Vibert, which attracted much attention, "The Committee on Moral Books." Before a large fire-place, in which a roaring fire is devouring a heap of condemned books, sits a cardinal in his red robes, a pair of tongs clasped to his breast, reading aloud some choice *morceau* from a huge volume, to the intense edification of a monk who sits behind and has for a moment suspended his own reading! The chairs and floor are heaped with books yet to be examined; and, in the distance, a servant, who has been overhauling the book-shelves, also stops to read the doubtful literature passing through his hands. This picture, like all of Vibert's, is strong in color, harmonious in composition, careful in detail, and tells its story so pointedly the intent of the artist is at once discovered.

The Goupil Gallery, in 1876, contained two works by Vibert, "The Bouquet," and "Church and State"—"La Secret d'État." The art collection, recently belonging to H. T. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn, contained "The Old Cook," and "The Vesper Hymn," both by Vibert. The collection of Mr. William H. Webb, of New York, contained the "Story of the Bull Fights," by Vibert. The John Taylor Johnson collection, sold in December, 1876, had three pictures by this artist, "Servant Reading," a water color; the "Knife Grinder," a pen-and-ink sketch; and "The Offer of the Umbrella," a water color, 18 by 13 inches, which sold for \$1,000. Mr. W. L. Anderson, of New York, owns the "Carlist Scout," by Vibert, and has exhibited it at the Metropolitan Museum. The eighth annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors, held in New York in the spring of 1875, was rich in the works of this master, containing no less than six examples, "The Politician," and "Testing the Vintage," belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery; "The Sleeping Cavalier," belonging to Mr. F. H. Smith; the "Matadore," belonging to Mr. Richard R. Haines, and "The Duel," and "The Fisherman." Mr. John H. Sherwood, of New York, owns "The Spanish Matador," by Vibert, and Mr. H. E. Howland owns the "Old Soldier." Both of these pictures were exhibited at the New York Centennial Loan Exhibition. Mr. William Schaus has a charming Vibert, painted to order, titled "The Mysterious Footsteps." A cardinal in his bright robes, in walking along the street, in the deep, new-fallen snow, past a residence, finds a lady's slipper, which in the haste of flight has been left behind. A rope ladder, dangling from the chamber window, tells the story of an elopement. The cardinal is intently looking at the bottom of the slipper, as if to recall to mind the foot it once contained! Mr. John Hoey possesses a Vibert, which was exhibited at the Loan Exhibition in aid of the Society of Decorative Art, at the National Academy in 1877. Mr. Robert L. Cutting is the owner of "La Chatelaine," by this well-appreciated artist.

Jehan Georges Vibert was born in Paris in 1840, and studied art under M. F. Barrias. He is now regarded as one of the foremost *genre* artists of the modern French school. He received medals from the French Academy of Fine Arts in 1864, 1867 and 1868, and was made a Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor in 1870. In personal appearance he is a stout, portly man, with a face expressive of considerable determination of character, as well as much good nature. He resembles, in looks and physique, Spurgeon, the celebrated London preacher. He has a magnificent studio at 18 Rue de Boulogne, Paris, attached to which are accommodations for his pupils. His favorite subjects are monks, cardinals and priests engaged in secular employments; but he does not confine himself to these, since he often tells a story upon canvas from the vast field which, as a *genre* painter, he may choose.

—J. B. F. W.

THE HOUR BUT NOT THE MAN.

IN 1871 this picture was first shown to the English public at the Exhibition of the New British Institution in Old Bond Street, London, when it was much admired for its rich coloring and effect of sunlight and shade, as well as for its delicate



THE HOUR BUT NOT THE MAN.—AFTER T. W. HOLYOAKE.

sentiment. The artist evidently belongs to the pre-Raphaelite school of modern English *genre* and landscape painters, so ably defended a few years since by Mr. Ruskin. The precision with which every leaf of the tree has been painted; the close

study of the garden flowers growing about the steps in the foreground; and, above all, the treatment of shadows shows that the painter has made a close study of nature; that he goes to the fountain-head for his inspiration. This picture was painted



THE ROYAL FUGITIVES.—AFTER ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

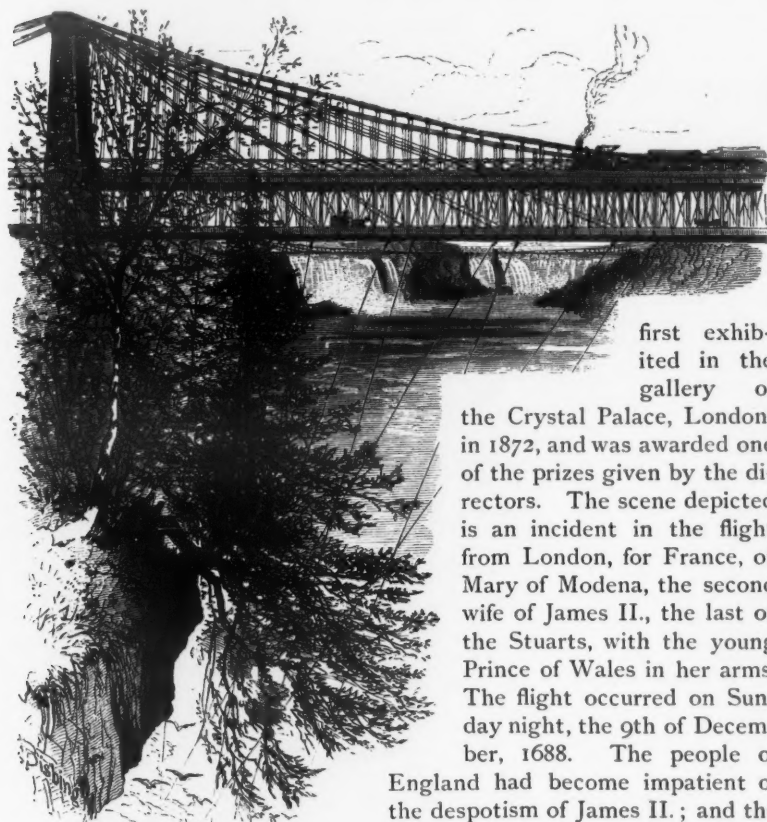
by Mr. T. W. Holyoake, for several years a teacher of painting in the Royal Academy. In 1870 he resigned his position in the Academy, being comparatively a young man; and since that time has undertaken works of more importance than was possible while teaching. The scene of the picture is the exterior of a modest, old-fashioned country residence in England—

a cottage in Devonshire, it is presumed, since Mr. Holyoake is fond of sketching in that most rural of English counties. To a certain extent we are reminded by this picture of the works of our own Mr. Bellows, who also loves to paint Devonshire lanes, cottages, ivy-clad churches and picturesque villages. At the crazy wicket of the entrance grow laurels, the thick, green

foliage of which forms a natural and picturesque porch. The sun checks the outer fence, as well as the walls of the cottage within. Of the inmates of the cottage we see two pretty girls—one fair, bashful, retiring, standing in a semi-disconsolate attitude at the threshold of the door; the other is a "nut-brown maid," impulsive and saucy, who anxiously looks down the roadway for the expected guest. She is preceded by the sagaciously inquisitive King Charles' dog. It is seldom that a picture tells its own story less obtrusively; seldom that any pictorial suggestions of lovers and love making are made so delicately, simply and naturally, with such entire freedom from sham sentimentality. There is nothing so serious implied we may not enjoy the humour of the situation.

THE ROYAL FUGITIVES.

AMONG the English artists who exhibited pictures at the Centennial International Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, was Alexander Johnston, of London, the historical painter. His "Marriage of the Covenanters," from the collection of James Virtue, Esq., filled a place of honor in Memorial Hall. This picture was of peculiar interest to Americans of the present day, as it gave them an idea of the religious customs of their Presbyterian ancestors. Another picture, of no less historical interest, "The Royal Fugitives," by the same artist, which we reproduce for THE ALDINE, was



THE BRIDGES.—H. BISBING.

country, so alarmed the weak monarch, he resolved to send his wife and child to France and follow after them in a day or two. The king confided his queen and son to the care of a French nobleman, Antoine, Count of Lauzun, who availed himself of the assistance of his friend, Saint Victor. The queen was attended by two of her women. In the dead of a stormy December night the party stole down the back stairs of the Whitehall Palace, and embarked in an open skiff. The queen and prince had no protection but a large hooded cloak, which Saint Victor wrapped about them. The night was bleak; the rain fell; the wind roared; the waves were rough; at length the boat reached Lambeth, and the fugitives landed near an inn, where a coach and horses were to be in waiting. Mary, afraid that her face might be known, would not enter the house. She remained with her child, cowering, for shelter from the storm, under the tower of Lambeth Church. It is this most anxious situation, in which the queen found herself, that Mr. Johnston has so effectively brought out in the picture.

first exhibited in the gallery of the Crystal Palace, London, in 1872, and was awarded one of the prizes given by the directors. The scene depicted is an incident in the flight from London, for France, of Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II., the last of the Stuarts, with the young Prince of Wales in her arms. The flight occurred on Sunday night, the 9th of December, 1688. The people of

England had become impatient of the despotism of James II.; and the steady advance of William, Prince of Orange, who had invaded the

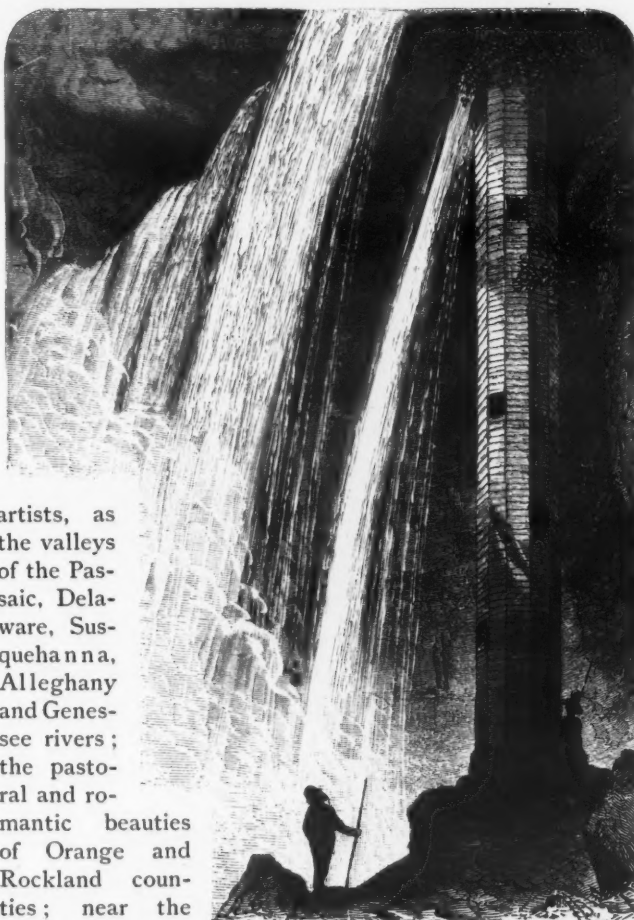
artists, as the valleys of the Passaic, Delaware, Susquehanna, Alleghany and Genesee rivers; the pastoral and romantic beauties of Orange and Rockland counties; near the chain of beautiful lakes in the cen-



A TRIP TO NIAGARA.

If one wishes to see, in passing from the metropolis to the great cataract of the world, while making a grand tour for summer recreation, a section of the most varied and picturesque scenery in America, perhaps no journey of but fifteen hours' duration will afford so much satisfaction to the lover of nature as the trip of four hundred and forty-two miles over the Erie Railway. Traveling to or from New York this is one of the lines to be enjoyed before the circle of sight-seeing is completed.

Crossing mountain ridges and deep valleys, spanning wild ravines and noble rivers, passing through beautiful and thriving cities and towns, this line takes the traveler across the heart of regions which are favorite haunts with American



THE VERTICAL STAIRS.—H. BISBING.

tral-western regions of New York State—Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigua, charming Chautauqua—almost past the entrance to Watkins' Glen; and, finally, to the basin of that great inland sea, Lake Erie.

Approaching Niagara Falls there is little in the neighboring scenery to attract attention or prepare the mind for the stupendous and magnificent spectacle, the grandest which earth affords, soon to be revealed to the sight. Nature, the mistress of art, as if conscious of the greatness and sublimity of her work concentrated at the point where Niagara river makes its awful plunge, has been niggard with the surroundings, content to let the falling waters remain alone in their grandeur. The Falls are so mighty it requires more than a cursory glance for the mind of man to comprehend them—to take in their width, and height and depth; to understand the roar and concussion of the tumbling waters, which cause the earth to tremble; to reckon the depth of the deep green river below the falls; to conceive the terrors of the Cave of Winds, or the appalling effect produced when behind the Horse-Shoe Fall; to imagine the wonder of the gigantic river leaping with fearful power from the horizon of a clear sky; to appreciate with the eye of an artist the innumerable beauties of sunlight and moonlight, of "Iris sitting in the eternal spray," of cathedral columns of water forever breaking and forever forming; of clouds, and mists, and rainbows, and thunders, which are the constant attendants of the Falls, as if courtiers in the train of a monarch.

Interesting among human works at Niagara are the two suspension bridges—the International, two miles below the Falls, eight hundred feet long, and two hundred and thirty above the



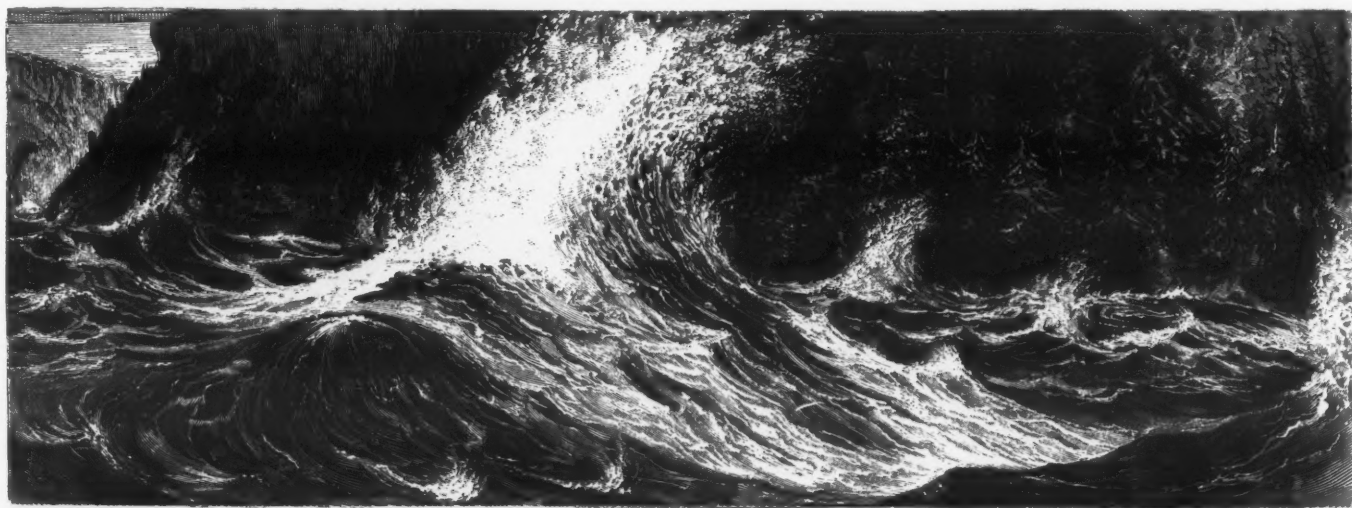
THE AMERICAN FALL. — E. J. WHITNEY.

water; and the New Bridge, for carriages and foot passengers, just below the Falls. From this last bridge a grand and comprehensive view of the whole series of falls, aggregating nearly three thousand feet in width, may be obtained. On the International Bridge can be had a fine view of the river above up to the Falls, and of the rapids under and below the bridge, for three quarters of a mile to the whirlpool. This is caused by an abrupt turn of the river, forcing the waters to rush with great violence against the rocks on the Canadian side, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, dashing the breakers from ten to twenty feet high in the air. The rotary motion caused produces a whirlpool which draws everything within its vortex.

The American Fall, seen in the illustration, makes a leap of one hundred and sixty-three feet, dashing itself into spray upon the rocks below, the effect upon the water being explosive. Seen from the top of the huge boulders which lie in heaps at the foot of the falls, the tourist may not only witness an overwhelming sight, and listen to the roar of the Cave of Winds, but indulge, during the hottest days of summer, in a deliciously cool spray bath.

The Horse-Shoe Fall is two thousand feet wide, and leaps one hundred and fifty-four feet into the deep river below, the point of contact being forever hidden from the sight of man by eternal clouds of spray and mist. Our illustrations show, in the smaller one, the tower for the winding staircase, which those descend who wish to penetrate

behind the mass of falling water; and in the large picture the grand leap of water as seen from the Canadian shore, which has been vividly portrayed by Mr. John S. Davis. In this work the artist has caught the true spirit of the grandest section of Niagara—the endless flood of volumes of water which majestic-



THE WHIRLPOOL. — E. J. WHITNEY.



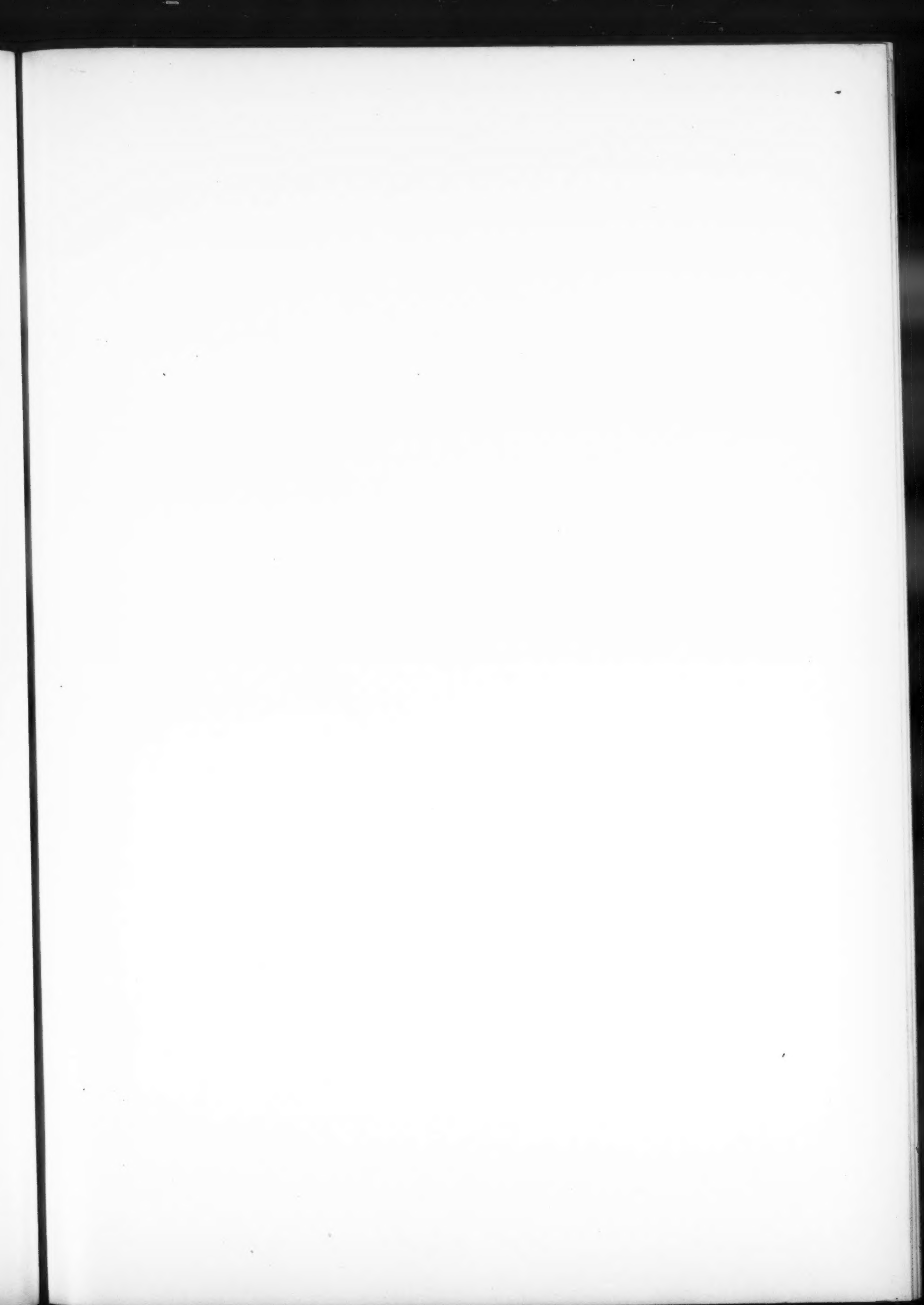
THE HORSE-SHOE FALL. — JOHN S. DAVIS.

ally curve and plunge into the bottomless pit below. In shrouding the foot of the fall, and all glimpses of the river, with a pall of clouds, he has surpassed other artists in his interpretation of this wonder of nature, and added immensely to the effect of his picture, inasmuch as he has given room for the imagination which loves to dwell upon the profound and mysterious. This is what Professor H. Taine would call "the essential character of the object," without which all pictures are vapid and colorless. The airy tissue of delicate, snowy fleeces, which dance away from the Falls,

before the wind, is also true to nature. Among other artists who have painted pictures of Niagara, are Frederick Edwin Church, whose great work in the John Taylor Johnson collection sold for \$12,500. A large, upright picture of the American Fall, by the same artist, hangs in Mrs. A. T. Stewart's gallery. At the Centennial Exhibition Mr. G. L. Brown's "Niagara by Moonlight," owned by Mr. H. N. Barlow, was the only representation of the Falls in the Art Gallery. Mr. Jules Tavernier has also very effectively painted the "Falls of Niagara," from a point of view very near the one selected by Mr. Davis. An engraving of Mr. Tavernier's picture appeared in THE

ALDINE for November, 1873. These pictures show the strength of the artists; Mr. Tavernier was particularly happy and effective in his moonlight effects upon the falling water, and the strength of the great rocks which filled the foreground; Mr. Davis shows us the Falls under the bright sun of a summer's day, with just enough of the Canadian cliff to give a realizing sense of the immense depth down which the cataract plunges.

Neither artist has committed the error of showing the foot of the Falls, or the river below, which would belittle the picture.





THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON. - AFTER WAUD.



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA — E. BOGOURT.

The time was, less than a generation ago, when every American landscape painter, ambitious to make his mark, painted Niagara Falls, until pictures of that wonder in nature became as common in our private galleries as views on the Hudson, or scenes at Lake George. Not a few artists won some reputation in England and France by sending over canvases of immense size, on which were faithfully depicted some of the marvels of American scenery. The Rocky Mountains, the Mammoth Cave, the icebergs of the North Atlantic, the Niagara—hung up in the Royal Academy or the Paris Salon—would naturally attract attention, whoever the artist might be, and draw favorable criticism from the critics, since they would hardly venture to declare such pictures faulty, being wholly at sea regarding the

freaks of nature in the New World. A landscape from the moon would be a picture to stare at, not to grumble about. Among the old pictures of Niagara, there is a very good one in the gallery of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York City, painted by R. Gignoux. The late collection belonging to Robert M. Olyphant, of New York, was rich in Niagaras, containing no less than four pictures—three from the brush of the late J. F. Kensett, and one by R. W. Weir, painted when he was a resident of West Point. Mr. Kensett made pictures of the Rapids, the American Falls and the Canadian Falls. The collection of Daniel Sloan contained the Rapids of Niagara, by Kensett. Mr. C. A. Stetson, of Astor House fame, possessed a Niagara, by J. W. Hill. Mr. J. W. Casilear, who used to go sketching with Kensett, has painted

several Niagaras. His pictures are of the cabinet size, and give a distant and general panoramic view of the falls. Indeed, there is so much at Niagara to charm and bewilder the artist, he must be a bold knight of the brush who would attempt a complete and near view of the plunging ocean of water. The subject is by no means exhausted; in our estimation it has hardly been touched upon. Niagara changes like the sky; it is rich in all the colors of the rainbow; it is set in a frame of mighty rocks and cliffs, any section of which is a master study; it should be painted in winter, in moonlight, in darkness, in a thunder storm; from above, below, in front, at the side; from behind the sheet, in the Cave of Winds—from all positions, and in all possible moods.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

No American river gives the tourist so much pleasure as the Hudson: a deep, broad and noble stream, easy of navigation for large vessels 150 miles inland; flowing through a rich and beautiful country; bordered with banks which present a constant but ever-varying series of charming and grand views of natural scenery—mountains, bold crags, highlands, palisades, distant hills, great stretches of fertile valleys, woods, smooth gently sloping lawns, wide lake-like expanses of water, dashing falls and enchanting islands. Nature, lavish with her wild and picturesque scenery, has been aided by man in making the Hudson still more interesting. Its shores are dotted with great cities, numerous towns and villages, and lined with the handsome country seats of the wealthy. Costly white marble or gray stone mansions of the metropolitan millionaires stand in the midst of well-kept parks—neighbor to the hardly less-imposing villa of the successful artist or author. Gigantic hotels for summer resort perch on the highlands, or the brow of the mountains; colleges, convents, churches and manufacturing establishments add to the variety, constantly keeping the tourist on the alert. More than all this, the bosom of the river is thronged with every form of water craft, from the magnificent "floating palace," as the steamships for pleasure travel have been called, to the schooners, yachts, and flotillas of canal boats, which are seen passing up and down this river, laden with the golden grain of the far west, for the feeding of the world; or with the coal of Pennsylvania, to warm and cheer during the winter thousands of homes in the North. The artist, in our illustration, has truthfully combined the grandeur of the scenery with the bustle of the great traffic of this river; at the same time showing, in all its graceful outline, one of the most famous day-boats, the "Mary Powell," which plies on its waters. As the deer seems just to fulfill its destination when it lightly flies o'er the sprouting corn, so does this handsome and sharply modeled steamboat—swiftly cutting its way through the deep blue water, dashing the spray from its bows. To make the tour of the Hudson on board the "Mary Powell," is to enjoy a feast of reason, as well as an unrivaled panorama of natural beauties; for genial Captain Anderson knows all the traditions, history and reminiscences of the river, as well as those who travel upon it, since he has enjoyed a long and wide acquaintance with the *elite* of American society, the constant patrons of his beautiful boat. He can tell the tourist of Irving and Willis, of Cole and Durand, of Paulding and Morris, of Bierstadt and Church, and scores of men and women famous with pencil and brush, who annually ascend the Hudson, seeking the famous watering places, mountains and lakes of the North. At Kingston the "Mary Powell" connects with the recently built Ulster and Delaware Railroad, which opens to travelers and summer sojourners the fresh and fascinating scenery of the southern and western Catskills.

Knowing the enjoyment to be obtained from a trip by daylight on the Hudson, what shall we think of the man or woman who takes a "night boat" at New York or Albany, and sleeps through the whole voyage? Is there, then, no such thing as grand scenery or natural beauty? No potent spell in sky, clouds, water and mountains to fix the gaze of man? Is all the earth a dull alkali plain of Utah? Such dolts would doze in the galleries of the Vatican, and slumber in the Louvre; would ride in a close carriage through Italy, and fail to glance at Niagara Falls while crossing the International Suspension Bridge! For them there is no significance in the green wooded hills of Westchester

County; the frowning precipices of the Palisades; the blue outline of the Ramapo Mountains; the great portal of the Highlands, with its rugged crags of the Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose, as shown in the illustration; the lofty range of the Catskills, and such interesting towns and cities as Yonkers, Irvington, Nyack, West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Catskill, Hudson and Albany. The observant Indians, impressed with the unbroken ocean current which presses through the Highlands, called the Hudson "The river of the mountains." They also gave it the names of "Co-ha-ta-te-a," the river having mountains beyond Cohoes Falls; and "San-a-ta-ty," a name, according to Schoolcraft, descriptive of its various scenes and windings. The observant pale face may find much more to enjoy in the Hudson of to-day than his red brother could see one or two hundred years ago, when the country was a wilderness.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

ELIZABETH AMELIA EUGENIE, the empress of Austria, is a daughter of Maximilian Joseph, duke in Bavaria. She was married on April 24, 1854, to Francis Joseph (Charles) I., emperor of Austria, king of Hungary, of Bohemia, etc. Her husband is the eldest son of the archduke Francis Charles Joseph, and of the archduchess Sophia Frederica Dorothy Wilhelmina, daughter of Maximilian I., king of Bavaria. The emperor of Austria was born August 18, 1830, and ascended the throne in December, 1848. The children of this union are Gisella Louisa Mary, born July 12, 1856; Rudolph Francis Charles Joseph, born August 21, 1858, and Mary Matilda Valena Amelia, born April 22, 1863.

A pleasing story is told of how the emperor fell in love with his future wife at first sight. Before he married her she was almost a shepherdess, and lived in the mountains with her sisters and her father, an old *bonhomme* kind of a country gentleman, who dressed himself in coarse cloth and his daughters in wool. Francis Joseph arrived one evening in hunting dress at his future father-in-law's, on the banks of the Lake of Traun. As he was chatting before the house with the four young girls—who have since become, one the queen of Naples, another the princess of Thurm and Taxis, a third the countess of Trani, and the fourth the duchess d'Alençon—of a sudden he saw detach itself—from the skirts of a neighboring wood, that the setting sun was streaking in red and yellow, like stained glass in the windows of a church—the admirable form of a young girl all in white, followed by an enormous dog. The sun set her dress a-sparkle in a thousand points of light, and she came forward in a halo of an apparition, her magnificent hair streaming over her shoulders. It was the Princess Elizabeth. At sight of her the heart of the emperor felt itself fixed. Some days afterward, at a ball at Ischia, he passed almost all the evening in dancing with the lady he called "the fairy of the forest;" and so he marked his preference publicly.

The empress of Austria is one of the handsomest sovereigns in Europe. She possesses an elegant form, a graceful carriage, many accomplishments, and is very winning as well as democratic in her manners. Expert as a horsewoman, she also has the English fondness for walking, being often seen in the streets of Vienna, and frequently at Strauss' concerts in the Volks Garten, close by the rear of the palace, where she enjoys the bewitching music, seated beneath a tree and surrounded by her ladies. One of the most notable occasions upon which she appears in public is at the festival of Corpus Christi, when she walks from the palace, through the principal street of Vienna, to the ancient church of St. Stephen; the pavement is carpeted the entire distance, while the sidewalks are thronged with the population of the town. Dressed in pure white, the train of her robe borne by twelve boys, walking amid the dignitaries of the Church of Rome, the court, the high officials of the empire and Hungary, all in magnificent uniforms, she seems a lily in a wreath of gorgeous flowers.

Once, when visiting her sister, the ex-queen of Naples, she met an American dentist, residing in Rome, who was attending to the ex-queen's teeth. The empress had one of her own teeth put in order; and, sometime afterward, had occasion to request the dentist to visit her professionally at her summer palace. A suite of rooms was set apart for him, in one of which he found a collection of American books. When the work in the imperial

mouth had been completed, the empress gave the dentist several strings of beautiful pearls, "for a wedding present for your little daughter, when she is old enough to be married," as she said. Meeting the wife of the American in the palace grounds, not long after, she stopped to chat with her and admire her children, ending with an invitation to go to the palace, "to see my baby," who was found in the nursery, and was shown with all a mother's fondness and pride albeit the mother was an empress.

FIRST STEPS.

OF portrait and figure painters in France, the name of Leon Joseph Florentin Bonnat holds highest rank. In the present French Exposition his pictures have the honor of having been placed with those of Bouguereau, Cabanel and Delaunay, four artists of which France has reason to be proud. The modern French school of painters is very strong in portrait and figure painting, although some of its landscape artists rank with those of any other land. Among the numerous works by Bonnat, now on exhibition at Paris, is an important *genre* painting called "Une Rue à Jerusalem." It is of the same class as his picture in the Exhibition for 1867, of Neapolitan peasants in front of the Farnese Palace, which achieved a deserved success. This *genre* piece represents a swarthy oriental, naked save for the cloth around his loins, shaving another oriental, clad in a blue cotton robe, and seated on the ground. The foreshortening of the barber, bending over his work, shows what an excellent draughtsman is Bonnat. The masses of flesh are broadly painted and with his usual great force. Two of the portraits which he exhibits—those of M. Thiers and Mme. P. C.—display his talents as a portrait painter in the highest form. The late President of France is represented in a frock coat buttoned to his chin, as was his habit, one hand resting lightly upon his hip, the other hanging at his side. With a few broad strokes the artist has stamped upon the canvas his intellectual forehead; the mouth is mobile; the eyes searching, notwithstanding the spectacles; and the face is seamed with strong lines; as often happens with octogenarians, the skin has the softness of infancy. The artist has succeeded in giving M. Thiers' true expression to the face—an affectionate disposition, with a quiet turn for pleasantry. This is a three-quarter length portrait, and so is that of Mme. P. C.—which, with its costume of white silk and lace, and a corsage of a knot of white ribbons and a bouquet of roses, affords an opportunity for the artist to show his ability as a colorist. The face has a true and pleasing expression, and altogether these pictures proclaim Bonnat to be far more than ordinary, and to deserve his reputation. His portrait of M. Robert Fleury is an admirable specimen of head painting. His "Christ" and "St. Vincent de Paul" are two able works, excellent examples of thoroughly modern treatment; in both we get the purely physical aspect rendered with great power. "The Christ" was first exhibited at the Salon of 1870, and was painted for the salon of the Court of Assizes in the Palace of Justice, Paris. Besides these pictures, in the Bonnat collection at the French Exposition, there are life-sized Italian girls, children and many portraits, all equally forcible. But the one picture by this master which we regard as the most pleasing—containing his points of excellence as an artist—which we have selected for illustration in THE ALDINE, is a charming work, called "First Steps." The engraver, Jonnard, has faithfully rendered the effects produced by the painter.

The foreshortening of the mother as she bends forward to uphold her child; the uncertain toddling of the infant; its pink and dimpled flesh; the expression of delight on its face; the word of encouragement from the mother; her rich costume forming a striking background for the nude infant; the admirable management of light and shade; and, above all, the perfect drawing of the figures, give us a good idea of Bonnat's strength and excellence as an artist. He has the faculty of making his figures appear in strong relief—limbs that are round and substantial as in reality, and faces which show character and appear almost as life-like upon the canvas as upon the individual.

Bonnat is a man of genius as well as talent, undeniably a good colorist, who paints with great breadth and freedom; but his chief excellence as a portrait painter is in his power of rendering likenesses. It is not often that a portrait by this celebrated artist

is placed on exhibition in this country, which may possibly account for the fact that at the last exhibition of the National Academy of Design in this city, the portrait belonging to Mr. W. H. Paine was hung over the door of the east room of the Academy, far above the line as well as heads of the visitors. This picture was a two-thirds length of a handsome brunette, dressed in a close-fitting costume, which displayed the form of the figure as well as a pair of beautiful arms. A glance was sufficient to show the connoisseur that it was the work of a master, one familiar with the human form, accustomed to drawing its outline, to painting its flesh. The lady appeared to stand out from the canvas, as if endowed with life; the modeling of the arms and head was strong; the pose graceful, and the color good.

Bonnat does not confine himself to portrait painting. In the Pavilion of the city of Paris there are some of his works of a highly mythological character. His *genre* pictures are second only to his portraits. In the Salon of 1873 he exhibited "Barbier Turc" and "Scherzo;" this last showing fine light and shade, good drawing, with the mother and child in a high state of merriment. Mr. John Wolfe, of this city, owns his "Egyptian Fellah Woman, with Sleeping Child," which was exhibited at the Centennial Loan Exhibition in 1876.

Bonnat was born in Bayonne, a small, picturesque, walled city, near the Bay of Biscay, in the province of Basses-Pyrénées, France. He is a pupil of Messrs. F. de Madrazo and L. Cogniet. He has a handsome studio at No. 6 Place Vintimille, Paris, where, also, are accommodations for his pupils. He received medals in 1861, 1863 and 1867—the Universal Exposition medal—at which time he was made a Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor. He received the medal of honor in 1869, and was created an Officer of the Legion of Honor in 1874. —J. B. F. W.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH.

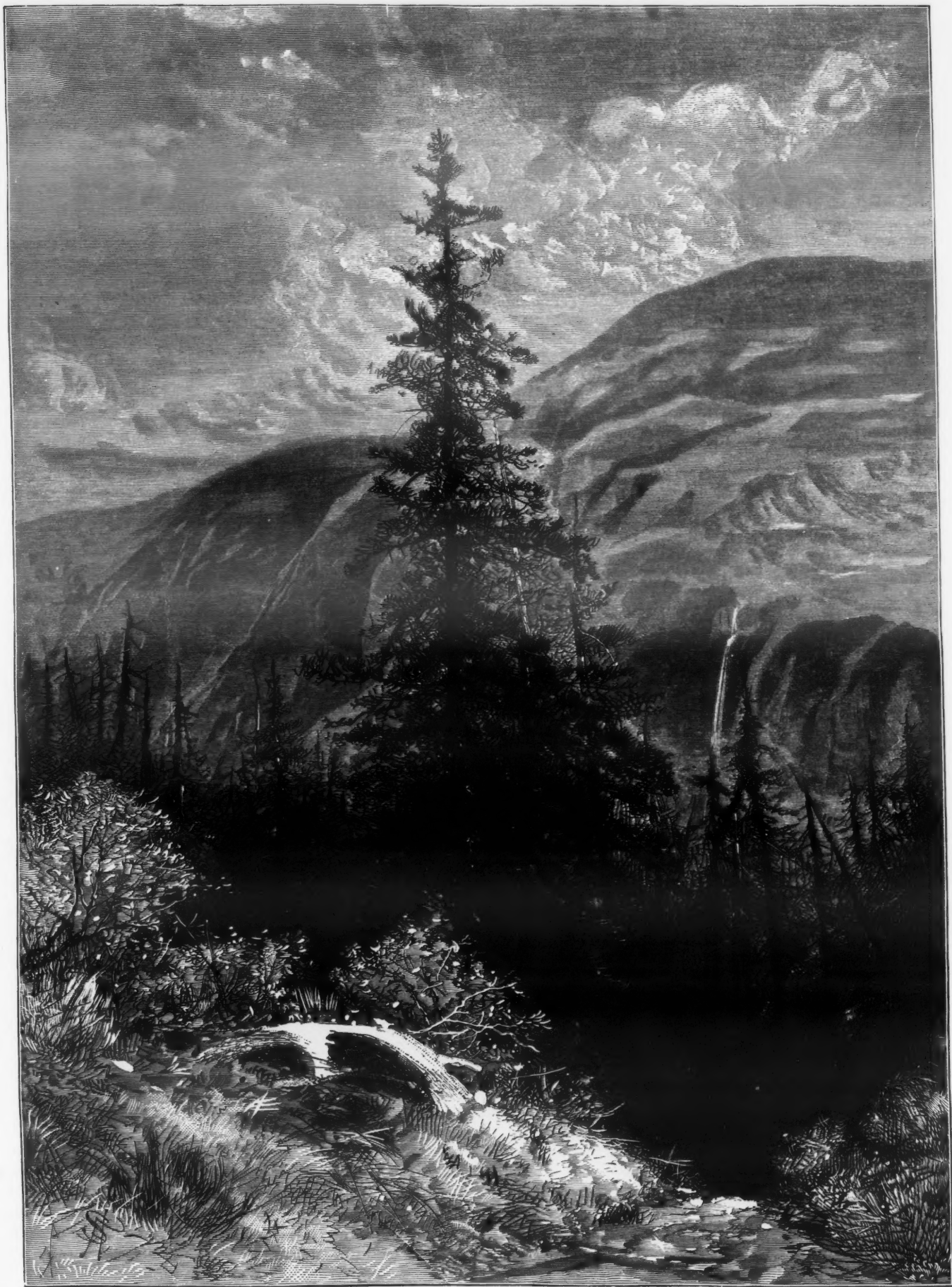
FORTUNATE in his ancestry, in his calling as a business man, and in the possession of ample means, the subject of this article is also fortunate as an artist. It takes a great man to do one thing well; Mr. Smith can do several excellently, as well as paint admirable pictures. Born in Baltimore in 1838, he began picture making when but nine years of age, and has steadily kept at it ever since, impelled by his love and passion for art. He comes, for many generations back, of an amateur artistic family, which is also eminent in patriotism, politics, law and literature. His great-grandfather, whose name he bears, Francis Hopkinson, signed the Declaration of Independence, and left several volumes of witty and satirical writings, which had much influence in political affairs during the Revolution. He was the author of "The Battle of the Kegs," etc.; and his son was the eminent Judge Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, who became the first President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and who also wrote the national song of "Hail Columbia." Mr. Smith was bred a civil engineer, and still pursues his profession with marked success, taking numerous large contracts from the Government for the building of lighthouses, breakwaters, jetties, the improvement of harbors and rivers, submarine masonry, etc. The coast of Long Island Sound is dotted with his work, such as the breakwater at Block Island, the jetty at Saybrook, etc., the foundation of Middle-Ground Light, the Stepping-Stone Light, and the Race-Rock Lighthouse, off New London, which has just been completed after eight years of hard and perilous labor, second only to that encountered in building the famous Eddystone Lighthouse. As a young man, in his native Baltimore, he rose to be the Superintendent of the Calvert Iron Company, which position he held at the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, when he went to New York, beginning life in that city, where he has since resided, as a clerk in an iron-house. To-day, he has a large business office in lower Broadway, and owns an elegant residence on East Thirty-fourth Street, filled with paintings, rare ceramics, *bric-a-brac*, etc.—where, also, is his studio, crowded with his own works. His dual life is remarkable, being, on the one hand, concerned with vast and all-absorbing business interests; on the other, occupied with the pursuit of art to the complete exclusion of everything else. He is, also, an elocutionist of ability, and frequently gives an evening's entertainment. For the past fifteen years Mr. Smith has spent at least six weeks



EAGLE CLIFF, WHITE MOUNTAINS.—F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

every summer in the White Mountains; and has given that magnificently picturesque section of our country a more thorough examination and artistic illustration than any other man, doing for the Switzerland of America, with his pencil and brush, what the late Rev. Starr King did with his pen, or William C. Prime has done with the fishing rod and pen. Leaving the beaten guide-book path, and avoiding the natural curiosities of scenery annually stared at by thousands, Mr. Smith plunges into the heart of the forest, climbs the highest and least-known cliffs, seeks out the deepest valleys and wildest gorges, threads all the

brawling brooks, and makes the intimate acquaintance of the finest old trees and the most gigantic boulders. In the pursuit of art he is as enthusiastic as Philip Gilbert Hamerton; does all his sketching out of doors; studies directly from nature; camps out, and often leaves his bed at the faintest hint of morn to catch the form and color of clouds in those high latitudes, to study the effect of soft grey lights early in the morning, and watch the flight of mist wraiths from the hollows. Two of his White-Mountain pictures we have selected for this number of *THE ALDINE*, and they are characteristic works of the artist. One is



CANON-MOUNTAIN CLIFF, WHITE MOUNTAINS.—F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

a view from Eagle-Cliff Mountain, looking down Franconia Notch, showing Canon-Mountain Cliff in the distance and tall pine trees in the foreground. The other is a view of Eagle Cliff, looking up from a position in the Notch, at a point eleven miles from any settlement.

Mr. Smith has, in his portfolios, literally hundreds of other views faithfully illustrating every variety of scenery in the White Mountains. His range of subjects is very wide, embracing every phase of the earth and sky. He is a water-color artist; but, lately, has devoted much attention to studies in charcoal, or

“black and white.” He sketches with great facility, and in rapidity resembles Landseer. “More than an hour spoils a charcoal sketch,” is one of his axioms; and he will often finish three large black-and-white pictures in a day, besides walking many long miles over the mountains to find his studies. His paintings are simple, manly, full of vigor; intelligible without the least affectation. Their meaning can reach the general heart, and their beauty be seen by the unsophisticated eye. A work from his hands can be enjoyed as we enjoy a mountain, or a primeval forest, or a lowering storm, or a stretch of sea-shore, or a gently

undulating swelling green field, or the rocky track of a mighty glacier, or a sky flushed with sunset. His art is an "eye music," as Wordsworth called the waving of the interlaced forest boughs, and can be read by the eye. He composes rapidly, possessing that selective glance that discerns in a moment what are the lines of character and beauty; with decisive stroke he masses his shadows, balances his lights, outlines his trees, and puts all upon paper so quickly that he will catch the tone of a fleeting shadow, the form of a wind-driven cloud, or the impression of an approaching tempest. Work like this has more power to summon the imagination of the spectator than the most finished picture, which is often spoilt in the studio.

While not a pre-Raphaelite neither is Mr. Smith of the Corot school; although he regards all nature as suggestive, and the closer he can get to it the better will he be able to act as inter-

Club elected him a member in 1873; he belongs to the Palette Club, and frequently exhibits pictures at the Union League and Lotos Clubs. Mr. Smith is self-taught, like many American artists, and has never been abroad. He was represented at the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, by four pictures, viz: "In the darkling wood amid the cool and silence;" "Brook Study from Nature;" "Old Cedars, Franconia Mountains," belonging to John C. Townsend, and "Study from Nature." His great picture was "In the darkling wood"—now owned by Mr. William D. Irwin, of Chicago—a water color, 52 by 34 inches, showing an American forest, with capital studies of the yellow and white birches, the hemlock, pine and beech trees, found in their perfection in the White Mountains. Other of his important works are "A Cool Spot"—owned by John Jacob Astor—showing a pool in a forest, with moss-covered rocks, and Walker's Falls, in New



WOLF IN TROUBLE.—AFTER L. BECKMANN.

preter. He has no theory in art; to him there is as much poetry in a literal interpretation of nature as in any other. He sometimes makes a portion of a picture pre-Raphaelite, while the rest will be simply suggestive; but he never commits the error of jumbling together a landscape until the impression is confusing, like a room full of people all talking at once. If we wonder at the amount and quality of work accomplished by Mr. Smith, we must recollect that he has been engaged in it for twenty years; that he is a man of great energy and force of character, possessing a superabundance of nervous vigor, much of which he works off through his fingers; and that he paints, as the lark sings, because it is the highest enjoyment for him to do so.

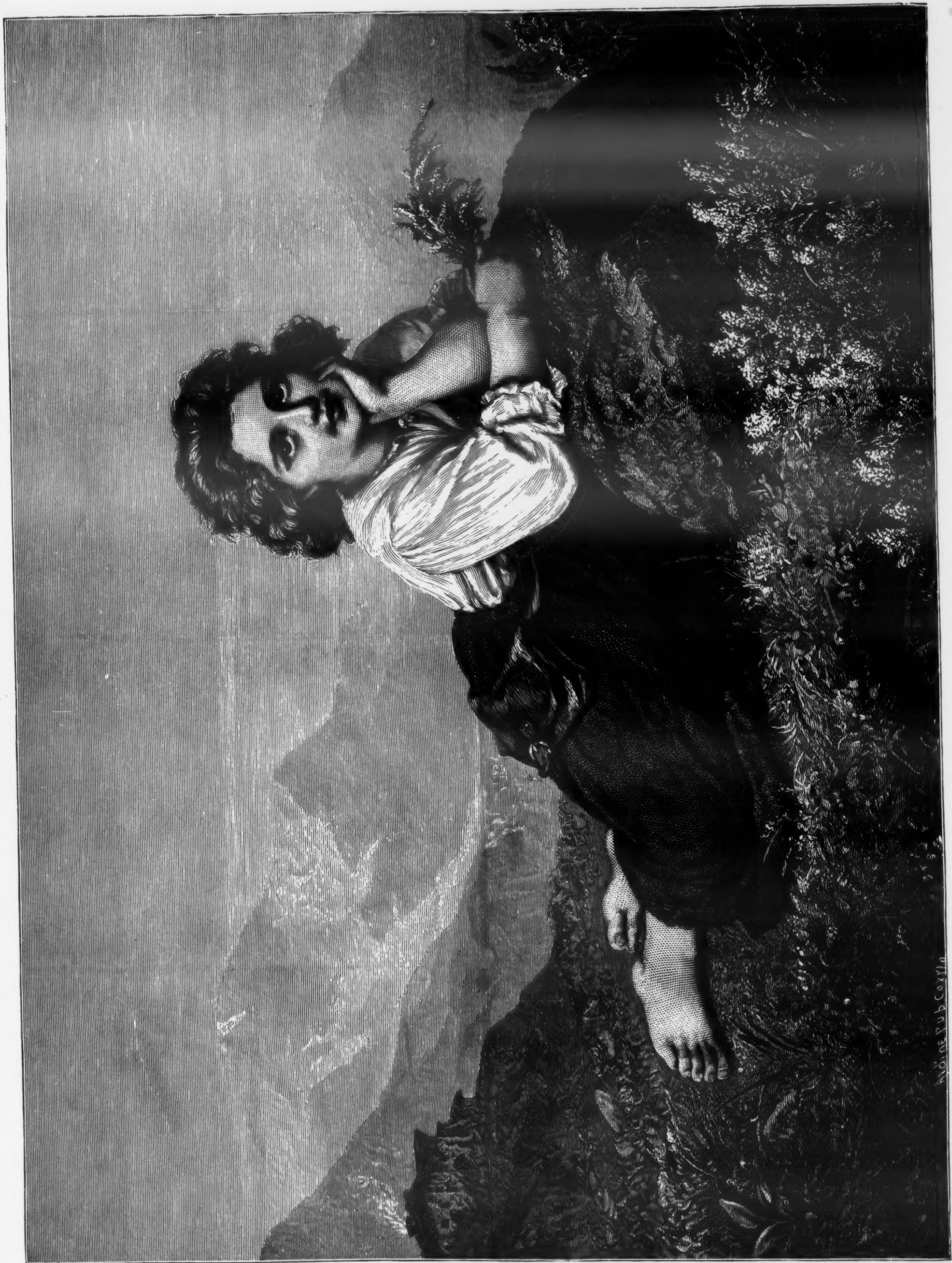
He began to exhibit his pictures in 1865, when he sent his "Summer in the Woods" to the newly organized and struggling American Society of Painters in Water Colors. Since that time he has been a regular exhibitor and his pictures find ready sale. He was elected a member of the society in 1869, and was made its treasurer in 1874, which office he now holds. The Century

Hampshire; "Under the Leaves," a charming forest interior, owned by Mr. William D. Sloan, of New York; "Deserted," an old mill in the mountains, owned by Mr. Charles Havemayer, of New York; three pictures in the gallery of Mr. I. T. Williams, of Thirty-sixth Street, New York: "Looking Seaward," exhibited at the Water-Color Society, in February, 1878; and a picture in the possession of Mr. George C. Clark, formerly of the house of Clark, Dodge & Co., New York. Mr. Smith is an active member of the new Tile Club of New York, which is attracting attention, and takes much interest in decorative art generally.

—Fuller-Walker, M. D.

ART TALKS FROM ABROAD.

WHAT can be said of our art section at the Paris Universal Exposition? The first slip of the New York Committee was a grave error, in that they delegated a person not fully capable of



Adeline P. & Co. N.Y.

acting supreme judge and jury in his own person. It is true there was an assistant, and it would be impossible to find two more perfectly in accord; it was charming. An artist of reputation, known as well in America as in his own city, J. L. Gérôme, says: that "the action of the Central Committee was surprising, to say the least; and that the gentleman who accepted the post of final judge must be possessed of wonderful courage and great faith in himself." That the gentleman who acted judge and jury is not infallible, witness the many bad, in the fullest sense of the word, pictures hung and given prominent places. The pictures by Elihu Vedder—bad in drawing, in composition, in color—would not have been accepted by any other gallery. He promised, years ago, much better. F. E. Church is "skied;" in an American Exhibition he should hold a first place. He could not feel grieved at such unceremonious treatment if competing with painters such as Whalberg, Daubigny, Pelonse, Francais, etc., and could accept "skying," with thanks, in such company; but in an American exhibition—ye gods! But, to ease his mind, our "judge and jury" gives "eye line" to two of the worst-painted landscapes in the collection, because, forsooth, they are signed "G. Inness." One of them, the smallest, a New England scene we suppose, has been a benefit to many—*à propos*, we are not sure but the artist can claim an additional title to his A. N. A.-ship, that of M. D., for if the merry laughter and whispered mirth it has produced may bear witness—it has cured many an indisposition. The larger picture, which looks like a monitor, a large monitor, a *very* large monitor lost in fog; but that cannot be, for it is a landscape with a river in the foreground; it must be a river, for there is a very large man fishing, which he would not be if that was a monitor behind him. I think the picture is called Rome! We would not accuse Mr. Inness of being ambitious of "making Rome howl;" but we assure him, though, he has succeeded beyond competition; for if Rome could see that picture "every mother's son of them" would howl to gratify even solid old "Corri O'Lanus." Oh, glorious Turner! what an inspired poem of all that is good in art is thy "Ancient Rome;" and oh, Mr. Inness! you who could do good works—for the stuff is in you, if patience and humility were equal to the stuff—go drink from the fountain whence Turner drew his strength—nature.

F. A. Bridgman's "Funeral on the Nile in the days of Parah" (which was purchased by Mr. Bennett of the New York *Herald*), is, without exception, the best picture in the collection; but it is not a specimen of the American school of painting; as Mr. Bridgman has studied his art, from the earliest steps up, in Europe and under the eye of one of the finest painters in France.

Walter Shirlaw's picture looks well; is strong, though, we think, a little too brutal in handling, and too *empâté*; but those excesses in the right direction will wear away. Mr. Shirlaw may take his place in the front rank.

Another of those "buds of promise" (occupying "line"), fallen like autumn leaves with the first frost, is Winslow Homer. What excuse can the painter offer for sending, and our "judge and jury" for accepting, under the head of Fine Arts, such nondescripts as those which bear Mr. Homer's name? He seems to have painted from his models.

Eastman Johnson seems to have improved in color, but it is too "sweet" for richness of color; and is everywhere transparent and sketchy. It is rather a specimen of Mr. Johnson's ability in handling the brush; but what there is of it is good and masterly, with the one exception to its "sweetness." This "brushing," allied with the fidelity of his "Old Kentucky Home," would have produced a far superior work. But that faithfulness to nature, in drawing, seems to pass away, as facility in working color increases, for all but the truly great artist. This we have regretted in G. Inness, who never was remarkable as a draughtsman, and whose love of color seems to have hindered him from building a solid foundation whereon to erect his art. We say we regret this in Mr. Inness. We do more so that in him was the power of becoming really a glory to American art; but, in common with many lesser talents of the Academy, scarcely nothing remains but a little pet mannerism. It is not so with European artists; Cabanel, Gérôme, Bonnat, Landseer, Kaulbach, Mackart, the French Millet, Rousseau, Fromentin, Corot and many others, are now—were to their dying day in the case of Landseer, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Kaulbach—stronger than in their youth.

Why? The "hard lines" have been mastered; the preliminary labor, so cavalierly brushed away in America, remains and grows with their thought and knowledge of art. Cabanel, in the works of his youth, never produced such a one as that which he has just completed for the Panthéon—a colossal work, filled with figures of heroic size, and wherein the ripened fruits of a laborious artist-life are clustered; nothing has given place to the *trompe-l'œil* of handling. Wherein can the most learned eye detect a falling off in Gérôme or Meissonier?
—*Outremer.*

SUNDAY MORNING.

PICTURES by F. Dürck, a Munich artist, do not often find their way to this country, since the fashion is now, with a few exceptions, to patronize French and Italian artists. But whether painted in Germany, England or America, it is a consolation to know that "a really good picture is ultimately always approved and bought." The art collection once owned by Colonel H. T. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn, New York, contained a picture by this artist, called "The Mountain Flower," a sweet child, not unlike the one so gracefully and naturally given us in the "Sunday Morning" picture. The scene is in the Bavarian Highlands, where the artist is fond of sketching, and an air of Sabbath stillness pervades the country. It is serene, perfect midsummer weather; the green, and purple, and blue hills rise on every side, a slight haze of morning mist ascending from the valleys lending a tenderness to the landscape. The low stone cottage of the herdsman is seen at the left of the picture; while the foreground is blooming with heather, edelweiss, wildemanner and other flowers. Aside from the bloom, beauty, and health of the maiden Herr Dürck has painted, reminding one in these particulars of Mayer von Bremen's mountain girls, this work possesses high value as a record of Bavarian rural life and still life. The unaffected truth with which this peasant child has been delineated is masterly in its way, and wins our admiration. Herr Dürck has given us the foreground as he found it, and has caught the beautiful, dark-haired, large-eyed maid of the hills and stamped her form upon his canvas with beauty and grace.

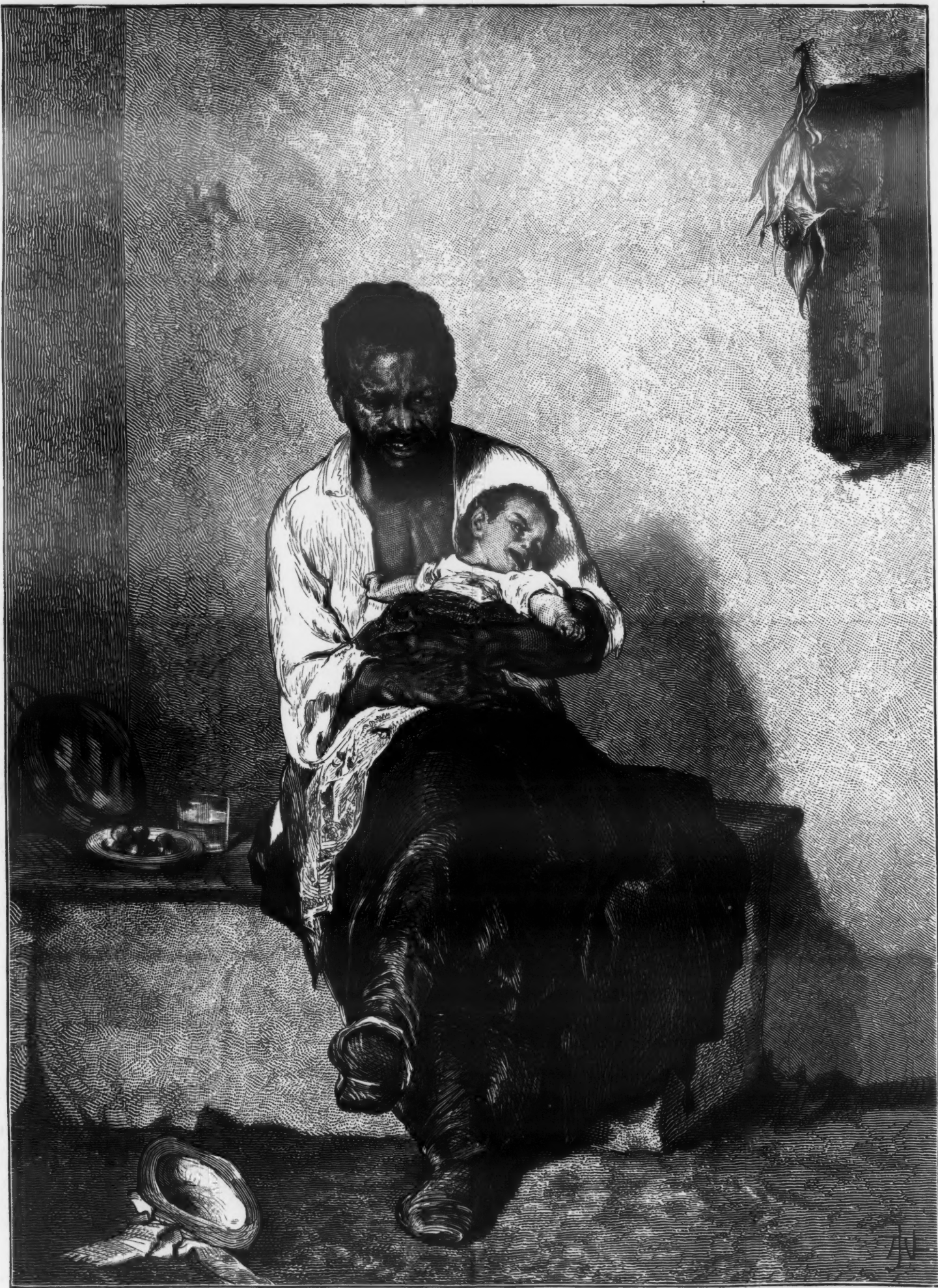
WOLF IN TROUBLE.

THIS spirited picture, by Herr L. Beckmann, of whose work we have had many examples in former issues of THE ALDINE, will be welcomed by lovers of out-of-door sports, especially those who are fond of good hunting. Beckmann is a master of his branch of art, painting with rare skill the free, wild life of untamed animals, inhabitants of the woods. The scene of this picture is, doubtless, in the beautiful depths of the Schwarzwald of Germany, where the hunters have frightened from his lair a wolf, which is now bounding away at full speed. It will require a good marksman to end this exciting chase.

EASTERN EUROPE AT PARIS.

BEFORE all others the present Universal Exposition at Paris is rich in the works of artists from eastern Europe—Russia, Greece, Austria, and the nations belonging to those governments. We have not been in the habit of looking for much good work from modern Greece; but that country is prospering and has felt the art influence of the age. The amusing and extremely clever picture, "Hush-a-bye, Baby!" given in this issue of THE ALDINE, is by M. Gysis, a Greek artist, who has studied at Munich, where he has gained a high reputation. The picture is much admired for its light, suggestive handling, and the rare artistic merit of the coloring. The patient negro nurse is, doubtless, from the northern sea-board of Africa. The rendering of the patient expression upon the face, as well as of the affrighted squalling infant, is exceedingly felicitous.

Some of the art critics, who have made a comprehensive and careful study of the art of the world, as displayed at the French Exposition, do not hesitate to award Austrian art, which embraces many nationalities, the highest place, even before that of France and England. It is especially commended for its honesty,



HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.—AFTER GYSIS.

truthfulness and object, as well as its *technique*. In the Austrian section of the Fine-Art Department of the Paris Exposition, there are pictures by Poles, Dalmatians, Hungarians, Moravians and Bohemians, for art is universal, confined to no one nation.

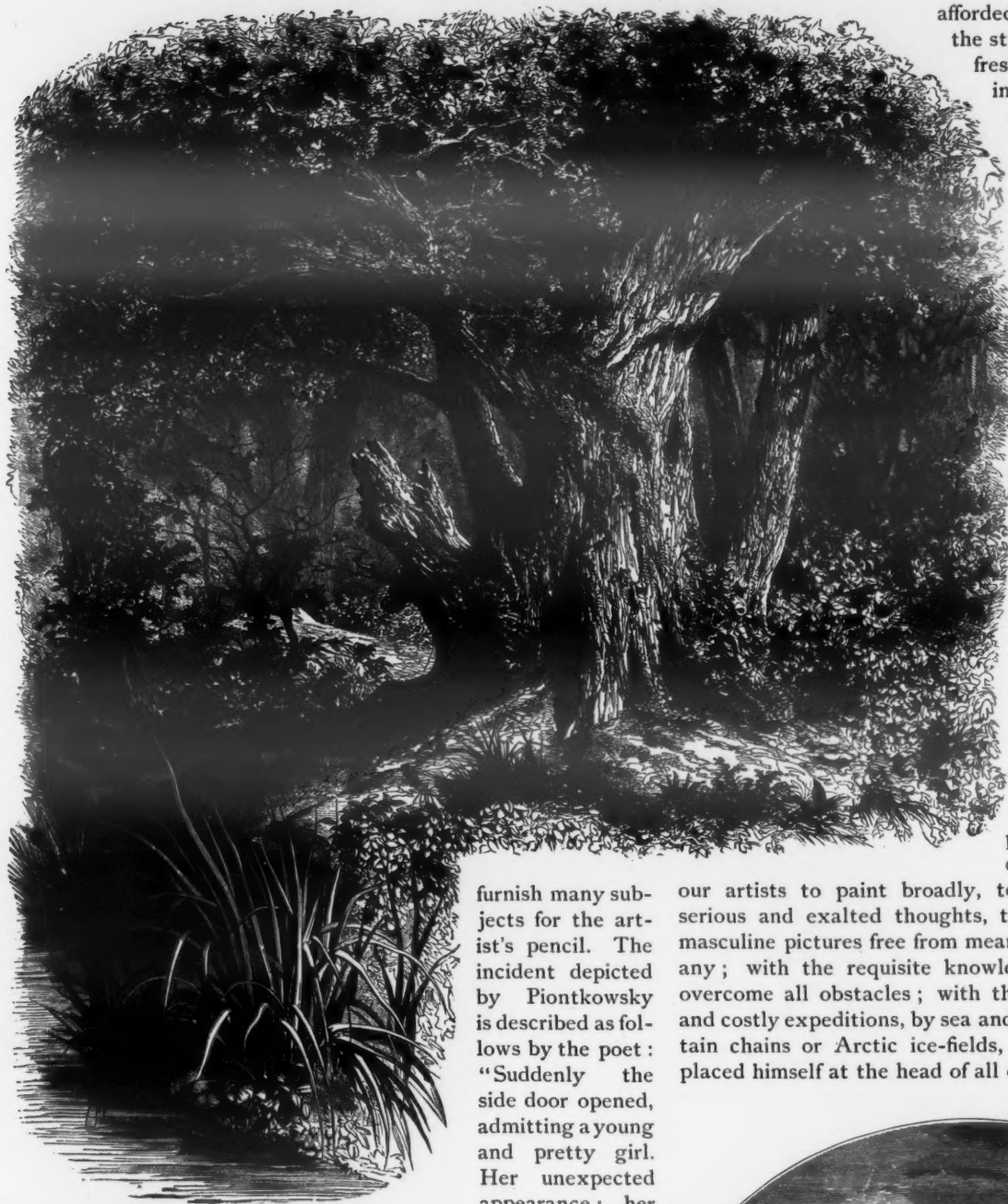
So, too, it is the province of THE ALDINE to give reproductions of the best works of all nations; and in this issue we have pictures after American, French, Greek, Polish and German artists. The strength exhibited in the pictures at Paris, by the nations



TELIEMENA. -- AFTER PIONTKOWSKY

just named, is so great that we cannot avoid asking the question whether Mickiewicz was not right in his dreaming, and the future does not belong to those so long-ignored nationalities? Adam Mickiewicz ranks as one of the greatest poets of the Polish litera-

ture; and it is from his poem of "Teliemena" that the artist, Henry Piontkowsky, has found a theme for his pencil, which we give in the present number of THE ALDINE. His other poems, such as the epics, "Konrad Wallenrod," and "Pan Tadeusz," might



form, beauty and costume attracted all. Every one greeted her, except Thaddeus; evidently all knew her. Tall, slender, with finely developed bust, dressed in a rose-colored silk robe, cut low without a collar, she stood playing with her fan, which, decorated with gold, glistened as it moved. Her hair was plaited in coils, bound with rose-colored ribbon, surmounted by a head-dress of diamonds." Certainly this charming picture aptly translates, through the medium of art, the poet's words, and we have the dark-eyed Polish beauty standing before us as if photographed from life.

MIDSUMMER ART.

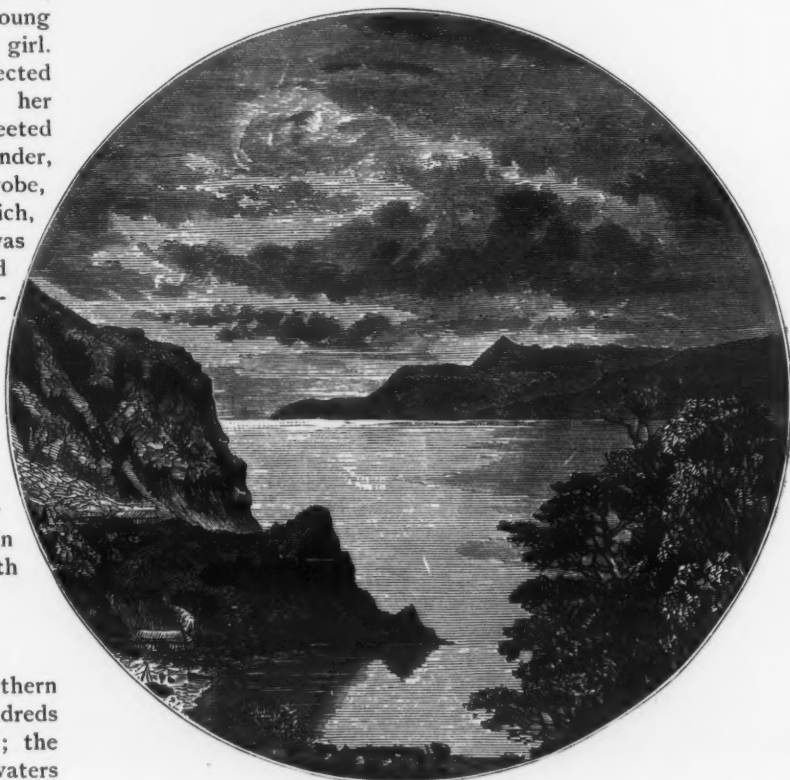
WEARY of the artificial by which artists are constantly surrounded in cities, after a long season of close work in their studios, they welcome the genial summer time, with Cowley, exclaiming:

"O fields, O woods! When, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?"

The grand old groves of oak and other trees in the Northern States; the bold headlands of the Atlantic coast; the hundreds of enchanting rivers flowing placidly between shady banks; the heaven-towering peaks and ranges of mountains; the fair waters of countless lakes, all of which have been so lavishly bestowed upon the United States, possess irresistible attractions, drawing the artist away from the man-made town that he may replenish his portfolio with sketches from nature, enjoy a closer communion with the true and beautiful, as well as the advantages

afforded by a life in the open air. In the study of nature the artist gathers fresh inspiration from his surroundings; he receives suggestions of the infinite which carry him beyond himself and provoke the highest sentiments. The scenery of America, from its grandeur, wildness, vastness and infinite variety, is much better calculated to arouse these feelings than that found in the long time and thickly settled countries of Europe, as England, France and Germany. These old lands have the appearance of gardens; they are pretty, small, hide-bound, and, as one of their own writers has expressed it, "so thoroughly subdued by the labors of many generations, one can scarcely conceive of the very existence of cosmical forces." The wealth of picturesque beauty to be found in Europe differs widely from the beautiful in nature, so richly characteristic of American landscapes. The "emblems of infinity," as Mr. Tennyson calls them, predominate in American scenery, and have rather compelled

our artists to paint broadly, to be animated with profound, serious and exalted thoughts, these in turn producing strong, masculine pictures free from mean details. With genius equal to any; with the requisite knowledge; with a determination to overcome all obstacles; with the pluck to undertake laborious and costly expeditions, by sea and land, to paint equatorial mountain chains or Arctic ice-fields, the American landscapist has placed himself at the head of all others. "We have, as yet," says



a London journal, "No English pictures like Church's 'Niagara,' his 'Catopaxi,' or his 'Iceberg off Labrador;' Bierstadt's Rocky-Mountain views, or the Arctic scenes of Mr. Bradford. If Shakespeare could not be content with pitying the man who had no



music in his soul, shall we forgive those who have no love for the beauties of nature? We do well to be angry with the man or woman who is dead to the glories of a vast mountain chain—who considers Wall Street or Fifth Avenue to be a nobler prospect than Niagara or the Palisades of the Hudson. It should conduce to a healthy state of mind to stand before a great landscape; for it is not difficult for the spectator and painter to come into intelligent relations with each other. Nature itself may be indifferent, reflecting every possible mood, and assimilating itself with strange facility with all our feelings; the artist has but to put one of these moods on canvas, and some human heart will give it sympathetic appreciation. The language of nature is written in arbitrary characters, to which each man can affix his own interpretation; the plainer and simpler the symbols, the deeper the meaning. The heavens, the sun, the mountains, the rivers, the forests, the ocean, even the clouds, are easily associated with our own condition, and furnish tranquil enjoyment, or healthy excitement, as the case may be. Fortunately there is little American scenery which is shadowed in the memory with unpleasant impressions; most of it is as fresh and new as it came from the hands of the Creator. And if it has received any local coloring from man's contact, it is principally in the thin and pleasing glamour of romantic Indian traditions.

How delightful, then, must be the occupation of sketching from nature, as represented in the illustration! Goethe, while convalescent after his serious illness, caused by the loss of his first love, Gretchen, found great enjoyment and consolation in the art. Accustomed to look at objects as painters did, with reference to art, he says: "Wherever I looked I saw a picture, and whatever struck me, whatever gave me delight, I wished to fix, and began to draw from nature." He was especially fond of the interior of such woods as could be found in the vicinity of Frankfort, and when strength returned with health, he made long sketching tours, traveling

toward the Rhine, and drawing extensive landscapes. Out of the host of well-known American landscape painters, some prefer the mountains, others the coast; some delight in the valleys of rivers and quiet New England scenery, while others visit the inland lakes. The Adirondack Mountains deservedly hold a high place in the estimation of artists, and are, or have been, often visited by the late J. F. Kensett, A. B. Durand, J. D. Smillie, James M. Hart, Arthur Parton, William Magrath and the late Thomas Cole. The Catskill Mountains receive visits from S. R. Gifford, H. Fuchsel and other artists. Samuel Coleman, J. F. Cropsey, Homer Martin, Kensett and many others, have visited the White Mountains, while the Rocky Mountains have been studied by Thomas Moran, Albert Bierstadt, W. Whittredge and Kensett. River scenery has a peculiar fascination for artists, and the Hudson may be set down as the one river which charms more knights of the palette than any other. Artists who have painted Hudson River scenery include George H. Smillie, Louis C. Tiffany, James M. Hart, A. B. Durand, F. E. Church, T. P. Rossiter, and J. O. Davidson. There are many little streams in Orange County, New York, along which artists love to ramble, sketching charming pictures, as the Ramapo, a favorite haunt with David Johnson, J. F. Cropsey, and the late J. F. Kensett. Mr. Johnson has recently made a tour of the Bronx River in Westchester County, New York, and discovered some wonderful old trees, not unlike those which head this article. Kensett



used to thread the Genesee River; Kruseman van Elten goes to the Winnockie River in New Jersey; while most of the New England rivers are visited by artists.

American lakes have a world-wide fame; and of these Lake George is the favorite—an attractive spot for Thomas Moran, R. W. Hubbard, David Johnson, and all the artists who travel north into the Adirondack region. Sketches of Lake Champlain are usually made *en route*. Mr. Whittredge is now at the foot of



rocks, and the ocean in all its moods. Perhaps no man has painted more scenes of this nature, in the vicinity of Newport, than the late Mr. Kensett. J. G. Brown is studying fishermen's children at Gloucester, Mass.; William F. De Hass is on the coast of Maine; M. F. H. De Hass is making a tour of all the coast, from South Hampton, L. I., to Maine. A. T. Bricher is often at Grand Menan Island, and the Isle of Shoals; other artists study the Bay of New York and the New Jersey coast. Wherever one goes, on his midsummer sketching tour, the world will be found full of beauty. Sketching from nature is by no means the simple divertimento many amateurs consider it to be; it is hard and long-continued labor, often prosecuted amid great difficulties. Ruskin says: "The achievements of art which have been usually looked upon as the results of peculiar inspiration, have been arrived at only through long courses of wisely directed labor, and under the influence of feelings which are common to all humanity." When we admire a noble oak, in one of J. W. Casilear's landscapes, we seldom reflect that the artist made a careful and patient study of the original in the forest of Fontainebleau, or on the park-like estate belonging to Gen. Wordsworth, in the beautiful valley of the Genesee in western New York. The groups of cattle and calves in James M. Hart's landscapes are the result of that artist's close studies, made on the most famous stock farms of New Jersey, Long Island and in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. He has been known to spend a week in a close, disagreeable calf-pen, sketching these young animals in various positions, that they might faithfully be placed upon the canvas. Besides his elaborate drawings in pencil, he makes careful studies, in oil colors, of all the rocks, riverbeds, elm trees, vine-clad trunks and cattle, which, at last, are carefully combined and elaborated in the atelier. During the summer of 1878 the Tile Club of New York, consisting of such artists as F. Hopkinson Smith, Edwin A. Abbey, William Magrath, William R. O'Donovan, Charles S. Reinhart and others, made a long sketching tour through Long Island and the Sound, returning to town with well-filled portfolios of marine, *genre* and landscape studies. Philip Gilbert Hamerton in his "Painter's Camp," has told us how he constructed a portable house of canvas and other materials, which enabled him to sketch and paint in the Highlands of Scotland during the most disagreeable weather. Since that work was written he has made a boat-voyage of one of the rivers of France,

Seneca Lake in New York; Hubbard loves the lakes of Vermont; and Cropsey never tires of Greenwood and Wawayanda lakes in Orange County, New York. The artist who is taking a boat-ride, on the lake in the illustration, has the company of a fair companion! Undoubtedly the New England coast is the grandest for those who delight in sketching bold headlands, great

studying the inhabitants and the local history, as well as the picturesque features of the landscape.

Many of the best French artists of to-day paint their pictures out of doors. Henry Bacon, a well-known American artist, now in Paris, in a recent letter from that city, says: "Coming up the Champs Elysées one afternoon, I noticed a close cab stationed near the curb, and the driver under the shade of the nearest horse-chestnut. I should not have noticed the cab but for the green shade being down next the street, and showing it was occupied, and some one was paying two francs an hour for the privilege of remaining stationary. As I approached up went the curtain and a hand and the familiar head of Bernard were thrust toward me. I put my head into his studio to see his last picture, for, for the next hour or two, this cab was Bernard's studio. His canvas was perched upon the small seat in front, his color-box beside him, and, with the curtain down on one side, to keep out the reflection and prying eyes of the passers, he could at his ease paint through the opposite window a view of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, as a background to a group of figures. Who first originated this idea of painting in a cab I have yet to learn, but Détaillé, De Nittis, Diaz, Bernard and others have employed it for years, since pictures of modern Paris have come in vogue. And these scenes of Paris must be painted directly from nature. Years ago a hasty sketch might have been made for the local colors, and, by the aid of a photograph, a picture might have been manufactured in the studio; but as De Nittis and others have painted their pictures immediately from nature, and educated the public to appreciate the delicate relations of values and colors, which can only be produced first hand from nature, they, the public, will not recognize what they used to admire, but pronounce it all *chic*." And in its admiration for midsummer art, as studied from nature, the fickle French public for once is right. The romantic school, represented



by Delacroix; the Couture furor; the realistic period; the "Impressionists," have each had their day and generation, to be succeeded by lovers of nature—those who work seriously and wisely, preserving the traditions of art, *sans peur et sans reproche*.



INNOCENCE. — AFTER CHARLES CHAPLIN.